

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

AUGUST 1955 20 CENTS

Chatelaine

WHY YOU
QUARREL WITH
YOUR DAUGHTER

•

Make These
Streamlined Salads

•

The Woman Who
Collects
Happy Ghosts

•

FOR CHILDREN —

Chatty Chipmunk's
Travel Game





Today's fresh blouse is tomorrow's fresh blouse with
Wash-n-Wear Terylene*

The two girls draped so prettily over the clothes-line like their way of pointing out that 'Terylene' blouses are ready to wear just as soon as they're dry. ('Terylene' dries quickly, too, and rarely needs to be perked up with an iron.)

The one in the middle insisted on sitting down to type her endorsement of this talented, new textile fibre. "I've washed my 'Terylene' blouse dozens of times and neither detergents nor sunlight have yellowed it. Look, you can see it's still perfectly white." Thanks, Miss Career Girl. Let us add that 'Terylene' also has a highly developed talent for holding its shape...and any woman reading this advertisement will want a blouse like one of these.


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Duplan of Canada Ltd. • *Riverside Silk Mills Ltd.*

Skirt fabrics by: *Dominion Woollens and Worsted Ltd.*
Pik Mills Ltd. • *Paton Mfg. Co. Ltd.*

keep your eye  on



THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

*Registered Trade Mark Polyester Fibre



Having wonderful times

WE ALL start our vacations with a secret feeling of delightful anticipation, like a child at Christmas. We all look forward to those free days, unmarked by that strident call to duty and conscience, the alarm clock.

What we actually do with those free days is another thing. In this age of shortened working hours and modern equipment, many of us don't need physical rest so much as a change. Vacation means a chance to do those things we always want to and can't squeeze into our fast-paced modern life. Some of us pile up two weeks of quiet hours to think about our life—where it's going, what we're doing and why we're doing it. Some of us rush to our hobbies—painting, gardening, reading or travel. Some of us take a long deep whiff of nature to salve our city-bruised souls, to rediscover how blue and infinite a summer sky is, how clear and cool the waters of a lake, what a wind in the trees sounds like and the voices of the birds and insects and animals, the whole intricate symphony of a manless world.

Work is our satisfying daily bread, but we need, too, the hyacinths of this yearly pause to feed our souls.

And what food do our editors feed on? Prying into their off-duty hours we turned up some surprising and interesting recipes for refreshment, as you can see from the mass photograph above.

Who would suspect that our *soignée* beauty and fashion expert, Rosemary Boxer, would

return to her rural childhood? That she can milk a cow and run a tractor and plow a field? This summer she's introducing her two children to these bucolic pleasures at the family farm on the shores of Sturgeon Lake in mid-Ontario. Another unsuspected rural background pops up behind Keith Scott, art director, who will go west with his wife and two children to revisit the town of his birth, a tiny spot on the Manitoba map, Oak Lake, near Brandon. Also westward bound was Jean Byers, of Chatelaine Institute, who, with a friend, delivered a new car all the way to Vancouver and blew herself to a luxurious trip back on the new CPR streamliner, The Canadian.

The outdoor type is represented on our staff by two diminutive members, Jean Yack, copy editor, and Anne Pitt, assistant to Rosemary. Jean, strong-minded, is hoarding her holidays until winter when she'll spend two glorious weeks skiing in the Laurentians. Anne, a sailing enthusiast, hied herself off to the Atlantic breakers and the sand-dune rollers of the Maine coast, where she also gorged herself on broiled lobsters.

The fair southern climes exert a powerful pull, too. Marie Holmes, Institute director, stole a march on summer tans by basking in the Jamaica suns in February. Doris Thistlewood, home planning editor, hopes to catch up on hers in September on the Florida beaches where she will dive to explore the ocean's floor. Exploring the other-coin-side of weather in the same month will be Ellen Ingham of the Institute, who is

trekking all the way up to Baffin Island. She will hitchhike her way by bush plane to Port Harrison, Que., and try to catch up with the Churchill supply ship, which sails around the rest of that arctic circle in a leisurely way.

Doris McCubbin, associate editor, took the European trip sponsored by the Canadian Women's Press Club in a chartered Constellation, no less. "Seeing Paris with seventy-one chaperones," is the way she put it.

Margaret Newcombe, fiction editor, had a fast change of pace, coming up against stern facts when she spent her vacation working in a campaign room during the Ontario June elections from dawn to dark. She nails the lie that women aren't interested in politics by reporting that some of her best workers were housewives.

Our assistant art director, Ron Butler, is improving his shining leisure hours right now by relaxing with his favorite hobby, painting. He doesn't have to stir far from his own doorstep, on Toronto's Centre Island, for subject matter although keeping his two young sons out of his paint tubes may be a problem.

And for those who like to spend their vacation thinking, we present the impressive example of our managing editor, Gerald Anglin, drawing mental stimulation from a weighty tome. Some of the results of his deliberations will turn up in our pages in the coming months, when every staff member will have cause to bless their brief respite and will start to look forward to Vacation, 1956. ♦

GERALD ANGLIN, Managing Editor	JOHN CLARE, Editor	KEITH SCOTT, Art Director
MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute	DORIS McCUBBIN, Associate Editor	DORIS THISTLEWOOD, Home Planning Editor
MARGARET NEWCOMBE, Fiction Editor	ROSEMARY BOXER, Beauty and Fashion Editor	JEAN YACK, Assistant Editor
	RON BUTLER, Assistant Art Director	
	ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., Child Health	

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K. L. WHELAN, Advertising Manager
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DONALD S. JONES, Circulation Manager

"This one's
a *real*
wrong number"



"I'm getting awfully tired of playing this game with Joe. Every time he calls, I have to pretend I'm a wrong number or a bad connection—or even the weather bureau. He's such a nice guy, the one thing I can't bear to tell him about is his breath!"

You simply don't get by when you have *halitosis (bad breath). Isn't it just common sense to use a product especially designed to overcome this condition? Listerine Antiseptic, of course . . . night and morning . . . and before any date.

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Made in Canada

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH EFFECTIVELY!



Vol. 27 No. 8

Our sea sprite with the shell is Monika Croydon, three, who chattered happily in English and Polish (as she does at home) as her photo was taken. But father Peter Croydon was there to keep matters in hand. He took the picture.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

AUGUST 1955

FICTION

- 14 On the Edge of Discovery . . . Audrey MacLeod

GENERAL ARTICLES

- 9 Why You Quarrel With Your Daughter . . . Eileen Morris
10 The Women of Hamilton . . . Doris McCubbin
16 I Was a Pinafore Pioneer . . . May E. Davis

REGULAR FEATURES

- 1 Chatelaine Centre
3 You Were Asking Chatelaine

FASHION & BEAUTY

- 6 Memo from Rosemary
18 Italy Inspires the New Playtime Line . . . Rosemary Boxer
42 Chatelaine says Make it from a Pattern

HOUSEKEEPING

- 20 Salads in No Time . . . Chatelaine Institute
34 Chatelaine Meals of the Month

HOME PLANNING

- 5 Let's Talk About Your House . . . Doris Thistlewood
24 The House of Happy Ghosts . . . Margaret Newcombe
26 Collections Are What You Make of Them . . . Doris Thistlewood

GARDENING

- 47 How to Make a Good Hedge Start . . . Helen O'Reilly

CHATELAINE NEEDLECRAFT

- 30 Irish Linen Apron and Tea Towels
32 Alphabet Crochet
36 Coffee Table Elegance
48 Doll Clothes to Knit
56 Knitted Oval Doily

FOR CHATELAINE'S YOUNG PARENTS

- 50 Chatty Chipmunk
51 New Help for Those Who will Never Grow Up . . . Elizabeth Chant
Robertson, M.D.

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YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine



The Wife Who Works

I hope every working married woman in Canada reads Dorothy Manning's story (*I Quit My Job to Save My Marriage*, June). I too am one of the selfish, greedy women, married to a wonderful person, my husband, who never wanted me to go to work, but I won. I mean lost. May 11 I was admitted to this hospital with TB . . . I've lost the most important thing in my life, the companionship and happiness in my home, for how long I don't know.—Mrs. W. Soule, Weston.



. . . Does Mrs. Manning think it could never happen to her? Has she never heard of a widow, a divorcee, or a woman left without any alternative but to work and provide for her family? . . . In all fairness let's have a look at the other side of the story.—Mrs. Mary Biton, Vancouver.

. . . I took an office job to help out financially but after six months returned thankfully to housework. I found it impossible to do either job thoroughly . . . On the other hand, as a wife and mother the taken-for-granted feeling can be deadly. Gerald Anglin in his article, *Who Has Won the War Between the Sexes?* (June), puts his finger squarely on the real problem: the lack of any solid mental stimulation in mere housework, and not enough consecutive leisure to do anything about it. Just to realize that these problems are not mine exclusively, however, is a big help.—Mrs. Doreen Sookocheff, Sturgis, Sask.

Camouflage for Ears

I have a very serious problem—two I should say—namely my ears. They stick out unreasonably and my friends tease me a lot. How can I flatten these "monsters" down?—Miss L., Capreol, Ont.

Did you know that many of the world's most beautiful women have this problem? They have overcome it by having their hair cut and tapered to curl over their ears so that they are always covered—and they have been so successful that very few people realize that they have this problem at all!

Chatelaine Credits

What a wonderful magazine! I send Chatelaine on to my young married daughter in Kansas and does she ever love it! So do I.—Mrs. E. J. Gallagher, Calgary.

If Meringue Goes Sirupy

Could you tell me why the meringue on my lemon pie always has little drops on it when cool—as if it had been sprinkled with corn sirup?—Mrs. J. McMaster, Victoria.

The little drops may form because the meringue is cooled too quickly or because too much sugar is added or not beaten in sufficiently. For good results, beat egg whites until stiff before adding sugar (2 tablespoons to 1 egg white). Add sugar slowly and beat in well before spreading meringue over the entire top of a cooled pie. Bake at 300 degrees for eight to ten minutes or until peaks begin to brown.

More letters on next page

Send your comments and your questions to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. All letters must be signed, but, where requested, names will not be published on personal questions.



"The Three Musketeers" . . . and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

MEDICAL GUIDANCE, rest and weight control . . . these might well be called "the three musketeers" fighting high blood pressure. For when they work together . . . as "The Three Musketeers" did . . . they may help protect you against the less serious type of this disorder, or prevent complications if you have it. This form of high blood pressure, so-called "essential hypertension," accounts for more than 90 percent of all cases.

Victims of hypertension are often individuals of great drive who are inclined to push themselves beyond sensible limits. To lessen strain on the heart, a leisurely pace of living is desirable.

Among other things, the doctor may recommend intervals of rest during the day . . . and he will perhaps recommend at least eight hours of rest every night. He will also urge patients to avoid situations which cause great tension, such as needless arguments.

In addition, he may suggest other things to relieve stress and worries that tend to keep blood pressure up. Mild exercise is not only usually permissible, but even encouraged.

In fact, things that help divert the mind from daily troubles and keep the patient from becoming preoccupied with blood pressure levels can mean the difference between living a useful or an unsatisfactory life.

Weight control may be important, too, in relieving high blood pressure. Extra pounds are burdensome to the heart. Since the heart works harder when hypertension is present, weight loss naturally helps to lighten its load.

Of course, the doctor's help is needed.

Regular check-ups will enable him to discover complications early . . . if any occur . . . and start treatment that may keep them under control.

Today more can be done for high blood pressure than ever before. In selected cases, great improvement can often be obtained by special diets or surgery.

Several new drugs are also used now which may lower blood pressure and relieve symptoms. No drugs, however, should ever be tried unless they are prescribed by a physician and taken under his supervision.

If the doctor's advice is followed and if the patient learns to lead a life of moderation in all things, high blood pressure can be successfully controlled in many cases. If neglected, it may cause serious damage to the heart, kidneys and brain.

To detect this condition early, everyone should have periodic medical examinations. This precaution is especially necessary for those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight, or have a family history of the disease. When discovered early, hypertension is usually easier to control.

Many discoveries which have promise in the fight against hypertension have come from studies made by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. The Fund, supported by over 140 Life insurance companies, devotes its entire resources to research that may lead to better ways of preventing and curing heart and blood vessel diseases.

Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart*, gives many more facts to help you understand what high blood pressure is, what its symptoms are, and how it affects the heart and blood vessels. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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Shown here, sophisticated "Cafe" sweater, hand-knitted from Newlands' 3-ply sock and sweater yarn. Can be knitted in sizes 12 to 14. For complete instructions, write Newlands and Company, Ltd., Galt, Ontario. Digby Morton skirt by Customcraft with detachable taffeta sash, is also durably mothproofed with Mitin. At the C.N.E.... see the Mitin display — Manufacturers Building; and the Mitin fashion show — Woman's World Building.

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YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine*

CONTINUED

Coral in the Kitchen

We are moving house. What color should I paint my new kitchen and what type of chrome set would fit in best?—Mrs. Margaret H. Jones, Port Credit, Ont.

Use soft coral as your accent on gadgets, handles, etc. Have the floor tile in checkerboard squares of soft, pale beige and deep brown. Paint walls and outsides of the cupboards pale, soft lemon yellow. Counter tops could be a deep terra cotta to pick up the accent color. The inside of the cupboards could be painted soft coral.

Regarding the chrome set, be sure not to buy too big a table; some models now fold up when not in use. You might choose a table with a natural birch top with wooden or black metal legs. Or choose a plastic top in a natural wood finish. Chairs should have legs matching the table, with plastic covers of pale chartreuse a little more intense than the wall.

Do Mixed Marriages Work?

I protest against the article, Mixed Marriages Do Work (June).

One wonders how many "mixed" engaged couples will use it to batter down their own well-grounded misgivings and the opposition of others whose experience or observations support the traditional view that in general such marriages don't work...

Actually in the religious sphere the author's is not a mixed marriage at all, since both husband and wife have left the faiths in which they were brought up and, aside from an implied minimum of common aims, appear to believe in nothing in particular...

One gets the impression that in the brave new world of 1955

Continued on page 49

CHATTY'S MAILBOX



Chatty's friends made his stump house.

As a project the other day, twelve of the thirty-six children at Earls Court Home made the tree stump houses for Chatty the Chipmunk and wrote letters to him. We chose the one Betty Ann (third from left) wrote as the winner.—Rose S. Taylor, Toronto.

... Thanks for putting that article in the magazine on how to make a chipmunk stump house. It was just the thing for a rainy day. All twelve of us enjoyed it very much. When we were making it we put flowers in a window box and a television aerial on the roof... Your friend.—Betty Ann, Toronto.

... I like your puzzles and things to do. Could you put any crossword puzzles in your page because I know kids will just love doing them, I know I do.—Peggy McDonald, Vancouver.

... Please send me your cutout. I like you.—Warren Hummel, Low, Que.

... I wish you would write and tell me more about yourself. I don't think Chatsworth Chipmunk is a funny name. I made forty words out of it.—Sharon Blanche Schuyler, Simcoe, Ont.

... I have enjoyed making your stump house and I hope that you keep on your cutouts. It's very much fun I find to solve your puzzles.—Elizabeth La Courée, Gaspé Harbor, Que.

Chatty Chipmunk has more games for children on page 50.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (page 1, 5, 10-13), Ken Bell (6), Peter Croydon (9, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25), Panda (26), Miller (47, 51).

Let's Talk About Your House

WITH DORIS THISTLEWOOD

How to buy a chair



There's no all-purpose chair. Every one is designed for a special purpose, so check your needs before you choose



Sewing or desk work throws our weight on the hips, feet and forearms. We need a chair then that supports the back just as a typist's chair does. It's less tiring and encourages good posture. This chair has a curved wooden contour seat that supports the hips without retaining body heat. The tripod legs give good knee space at a desk.



Dining chairs should allow us to sit straight, our weight on the hips and feet, with the chair back slightly angled for comfort. As we may spend over an hour dining, the seat should be contour-molded or moderately upholstered. This dining chair is the Empire style, proving that a good design needn't be new to be comfortable.



Lounge chairs should cradle the body in a natural position, our weight distributed on the shoulders, back, hips and thighs. The seat is lower to allow us to stretch and relax the body. Good design means legs don't dangle; slanted seats raised higher in front support legs and thighs comfortably while arm rests are tilted at the same angle.



Reclining in a contour chair is the next best thing to resting in bed. The disadvantage of these chairs is size but wads of upholstery don't necessarily mean comfort, for inferior fillings and poor construction are sometimes used. Good designs use light wooden or metal bases and slim upholstery—resulting in trim comfortable chairs. ♦

Chairs courtesy of Eaton's.

Not a shadow of a doubt...



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CHATELAINE FASHION

Memo from Rosemary



ROME: I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE AVA

Looking back over the past few months, I seem to have been shaking a warning finger, almost nonstop, on the care and upkeep of skin and hair. Faced with the unpleasant possibility of becoming a bore, coupled with the fact that I'm brimming with news from my trip to Italy, let's chat now of people and things, and Rome in particular.

Filmdom's feminine vendetta . . . Rome, in addition to being warm, sunny and splendid, is a place which seems to borrow or breed interesting personalities.

When I was there on our sportswear safari (see page 18), the main topic of coffee-cup conversation was the smoldering, heavy-lidded duel between Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren for the title of First Lady of the Movies. Sophia Loren is a comparative newcomer to the Italian screen. Her sultry, high-voltage magnetism, combined with her long black hair, her pale, almost make-upless skin and dark brooding eyes make Gina

Lollobrigida look as fresh and dewy as a milkmaid. Perhaps this is the beginning of a new fashion in faces.



Personality potpourri . . . While drinking coffee in the sun outside Doney's on Rome's bustling Via Veneto, I noticed a dark, soft-voiced woman at the next table. Quietly dressed in a black shirt-waist dress and wearing an enormous pair of horn-rimmed sunglasses, she was having some difficulty in buying a copy of the Rome Daily American. The little news vendor was volubly apologetic, but he had sold out completely. I leaned across and offered her my copy, which she accepted with a smile of extraordinary sweetness. It was not until the next day, when a friend pointed her out, that I discovered I had lent my paper to Ava Gardner . . . Went to a party given for Olivia de Havilland and her new writer-husband, Pierre Gallant. Both dark, self-contained and superbly elegant, they looked as naively happy as a pair of moon-struck teen-agers . . . Kept bumping into Ingrid Bergman, up and about again after a humble attack of measles. Public opinion in Rome, traditionally critical and hard-headed, feels that she and Rossellini should split up: "Separately, they achieved great things. But together—nothing."

They are wearing . . . Cotton prints, crowded with flowers on a white ground . . . bright, striped hip-length sweaters and tapered pants . . . slender shoes, pin-point heels . . . white organdie collars, mushroom-pleated, on suits . . . heavy, hand-beaten jewelry, often dipped in molten gold, and strands and strands of coral.

And I fell in love with Ostia Antica . . . Once a flourishing seaport on the mouth of the Tiber, it was from here that the Roman fleet sailed out against Hannibal in the third century BC. Now the sea is twenty miles away, and Ostia remains — deserted and in ruins. This was the background that I chose for many of our sportswear photographs. +



1940

The miracle of Dunkirk—15 years ago. Who can forget it!
And amidst all the confusion of wartime a young newly married couple were setting
up their first home. For the loose covers and curtains they bought
a Sanderson printed linen—50 yards of it! This has worn so well,
throughout years of laundering and sunshine, that they wrote
to tell us the story; which finishes . . .



Gloucestershire, June 1953

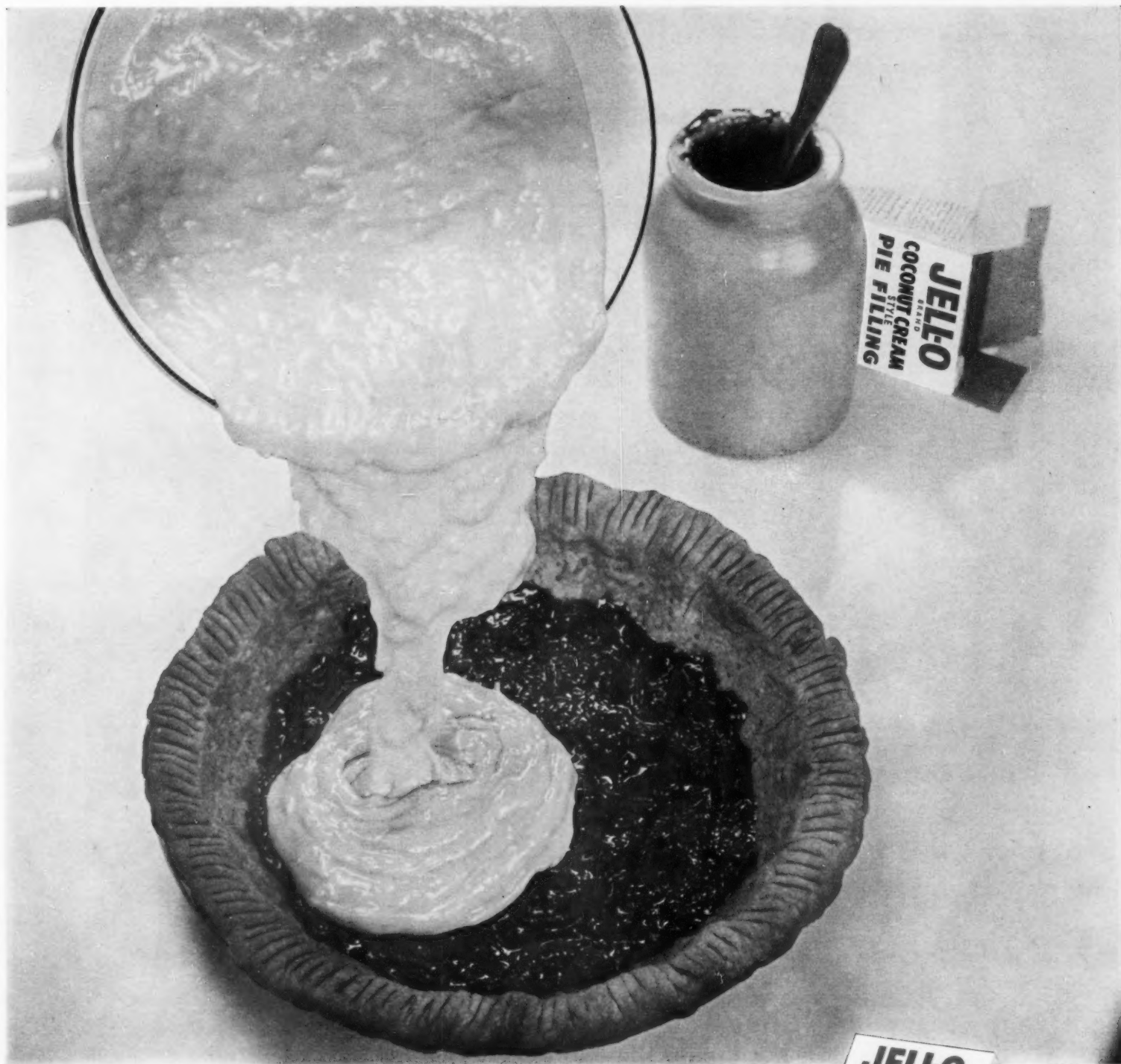
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KN-25M

CHATELAINE — AUGUST 1955

you

Why quarrel with your daughter

Everyone has occasional tiffs but when quarrels become chronic it's time to look for deep-rooted trouble. Follow these five wise rules and your girl will grow up to be your friend

HAVE YOU ever had a fight with your daughter? A flare-up that ended with a shattering slam of a bedroom door, that left both of you in a state of nerves and sent the rest of the family scrambling for the exits?

Of course you have. Such set-tos are as normal a part of living as head colds in a wet March.

There is bound to be a certain amount of bickering between any two women living so closely together. But where bickering turns into a running battle it may be a danger signal of something far more damaging—a deep-down emotional conflict that neither mother nor daughter knows exists. While her daughter's a child, a mother can win most of these battles by sheer physical control and emotional dominance. But unless the real conflict is brought out in the open and resolved, she is likely to have lost her daughter forever, as a warm and loving friend, by the time she reaches her teens and twenties.

Not every mother-daughter conflict breaks into open warfare. Even more disastrous to the emotions is the clash that tunnels underground, quiet on the surface, a personality struggle underneath.

Stella and her mother, for instance, never quarreled and Stella thought everything was going well with her life—except in her office. She had been an efficient, enthusiastic worker until, at thirty-four, she was promoted to supervise a large department. Soon Stella was picking quarrels, acting the slave driver, and creating such dissension that a baffled employer threatened to fire her. Fortunately for her, he suggested first that she seek expert help with an emotional problem that was turning the whole office upside-down.

It was then Stella discovered her office conflict actually stemmed from a lifelong home situation. Her mother dominated the family, her father was a quiet man who long ago had escaped from his unhappy marriage in drink. The mother turned to Stella as a substitute husband. And out of her own bitterness she taught the girl that men—all men—were vile and untrustworthy. There was an unspoken understanding that if Stella was to get along with mamma, she must never marry.

Continued on page 53

BY EILEEN MORRIS

CHATELAINE—AUGUST 1955

Photograph by Peter Croydon

One in every three women in Hamilton works in a factory. Hamilton factory workers enjoy the second shortest work week (average 39.7 hours) and the third fattest pay envelope (average \$62.95) in Canada. The giant of all of Hamilton's five hundred industries is steel and Phyllis Daleo is one of the few women employed at Dominion Foundries and Steel Limited. Along with thirty-five other girls, she spends all day turning over big sheets of tin looking for flaws. A native-born Hamiltonian, she is married to a bricklayer, Joe Daleo. Her pay cheques have helped buy their house. Phyllis' workday starts at 7.30 but she gets up long before this to fix breakfast for her nine-year-old son Paul, and she's back at four when Paul gets home from school. A crack bowler in the company league, she has a dazzling display of nine cups over her mantel.



Photographs by Paul Rockett

THE WOMEN OF HAMILTON

Big industry sets a high-powered pace, but the women still find time from their workaday world to give their city its civic drive and warm heart

By DORIS McCUBBIN

HAMILTON is a man's city, where giant engines throb, steel plates clank and the grunt of the production line is punctuated by the shrill shriek of the shift whistle. Even the achievements Hamilton boasts about are all masculine—the size of its blast furnaces and the fact that one in every four electrical appliances made in Canada bumps off a Hamilton production line.

It's no wonder that the rest of Canada tends to think of Hamilton as a city of broad-shouldered supermen in windbreakers, carrying lunch buckets and yelling for the Tiger-Cats. But what keeps Hamilton from becoming a Frankenstein monster of ugly red-brick factory buildings and cold riveted steel, lightly powdered with soot, are its women. They provide the city with a lot of civic drive and its big warm heart.

The women started the tuberculosis sanatorium on the mountain—the biggest in the British Commonwealth. A Hamilton woman, Mrs. John Hoodless, started the Women's Institutes which now have branches all over the world. She also campaigned for the first domestic-science course in Ontario, raised the money for Macdonald Institute at Guelph and organized Hamilton's YWCA. Nora Frances Henderson was the first woman to be elected to any city's board of control in Canada and served on the city council for sixteen years. Today Mrs. Ada Pritchard is the third woman to sit on the board of control and Ellen Fairclough represents Hamilton West at Ottawa.

Hamilton women have always turned their energies to civic affairs rather than social climbing, because Hamilton is really a city of working people, democratic in attitude and suspicious of any high-hat ideas. A Hamilton saying is, "If anyone in Hamilton is standoffish, you can bet your last dollar they're from Toronto."

The city tries hard to live down its more-brawn-than-brains reputation. It has a fast-growing university (McMaster), an excellent little theatre and a well-supported symphony. Its library has the third largest circulation in the country. It is also generously supplied with community services—four free swimming pools for children, nineteen community councils and four free skating rinks in winter.

The outstanding celebration of the year is a big Boy Scout and Girl Guide parade. It's significant that Hamilton has twenty bowling alleys listed in the telephone directory and only fifteen taverns. Square dancing flourishes, but in spite of a large foreign-born population, a good restaurant is about as hard to find as an Eiffel Tower.

But Hamilton's middle-class, stand-on-your-own-feet-and-pay-your-own-way approach to life seems to suit its women very well. For raising families it is as sober, conventional and wholesome as its outdoor market, which is located just behind the city hall in the centre of the city. To be sure the industrial area is ugly, but they have found light and air in the suburbs and they've done their best to offset the factory ugliness. They just buy more air fresheners than women in any other city in Canada and cheerfully get on with their job—whether it's presiding over a die-stamping machine or a kitchen range. ♦



The best-known woman in Hamilton, to everyone from traffic cops to newsmen, is Ellen Fairclough, one of the four women who sit in Canada's House of Commons. Ellen Fairclough, Progressive Conservative MP for Hamilton West, spends an average of seven to eight months in Ottawa, commuting to Hamilton every other week end to see her husband and son. She also runs her own accounting business, which she started in 1935, by remote control from Ottawa. She served four years as a Hamilton alderman and one year on the board of control. Once the star centre on Hamilton's United Church basketball team, she regrets that she has little time for sport these days. However, her speaking engagements from coast to coast, and to the United States, would wear out most athletes. Her hobby is knitting socks for her son, who is studying piano at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto, while she pores over Hansard.



The three sisters, when you're talking of Hamilton, mean the three Clark sisters (from left to right), Doris, Mary and Pearl. They are as much a part of the Hamilton scene as its famous mountain, and have a reputation for moving in on any project like the forward line of the Tiger-Cats. Pearl, the eldest, is an account executive in an advertising agency and writes a beauty column under a pseudonym for the Farmer's Advocate. Doris is executive secretary of Hamilton's big Council of Community Services, and Mary is "Mary Moore," food columnist in fifteen papers across the country. Grandmother Clark set the pace for the Clark women in the 1880s when the family came to Hamilton from England. Her four sons had no suits to wear on the trip. She went to the local tailor and asked him to make suits, promising to return in three years and pay him. She kept her bargain to the day. Today her three granddaughters are still getting things done, usually in a team. In 1937 they started the Mary Miles canning factory. Mary developed the food, Doris handled sales and Pearl ran the factory. A brother, who is a dentist in Hamilton, financed the project. With characteristic thoroughness they tested six hundred different kinds of mushroom soup before they finally were satisfied. After five years' hard work they were forced to sell out because war restrictions prevented them from getting enough tin to expand. This summer they went to Europe together. Their latest project is music. Doris is learning piano, and Mary singing.

More picture profiles on the next pages

When TV hit Hamilton a year ago a soft-voiced brunette called Teddy Forman (below) became emcee of a half-hour woman's show overnight. Teddy had been doing nothing but children's programs. Her specialties were imitations of the Big Bad Wolf and Tinker Bell. Suddenly she found she had to be an expert on fashions, cooking, beauty, as well as a crack reporter interviewing such personalities as Jan Sterling and Edward Everett Horton. "It was terrible at first," she says of the show, "and it kept me busy five days a week until midnight getting ready for it." To further complicate her life, one day a fan phoned in asking her to try and find a home for a lost dog. Soon Teddy found she was running an adoption agency for animals. Her worst moment came one day when she had five little boys, five dogs, a rooster and a goose all on the same show. The goose hissed. The dogs barked. The little boys ran all over the place chasing the rooster, and pandemonium reigned for twenty minutes. Another time she brought a South American burro on the studio set. That was fine, but no one could get him to move off, and Teddy just had to manoeuvre the rest of the show around this star guest who wouldn't go home.



Hamiltonians are bookworms for they have the third largest library circulation in Canada. The head of the city library system is a woman, Freda Waldon. Miss Waldon also spearheaded the establishment of Canada's national library as chairman of the committee that presented the brief in 1947. Daughter of an old Hamilton family, she started out to be a household economics teacher. "I loathed it," she says, "and switched to English." Her first job was stamping

library cards on the desk for fifteen dollars a week. An amateur actress, she was also a star in an arty little theatre group called the Attic Players. They performed in extremely crowded quarters over a store on King Street. "To get from the stage to the dressing room, you had to go out on the fire escape," she reports. A bit absent-minded, Freda Waldon often forgets to take off her hat, to the amusement of her staff. A year ago McMaster University gave her an honorary LL.D.



The Women of Hamilton CONTINUED

Social climbers get a cold shoulder

One of the warmest hearts in Hamilton belongs to Margaret Gray, a Scottish-born assembly-line worker in Westinghouse. During the war Margaret was shocked to hear of the bomb damage to Glasgow. She organized a concert in the plant. No fee was charged, but old clothes, bobby pins and cosmetics were collected at the door and a ton of goods was shipped off to Glasgow. This started a steady flow of bundles to Britain from her factory pals. After the war Margaret turned her organizing ability to Westinghouse pensioners. First she started a Saturday-afternoon bus trip. Then she organized a Christmas concert and a picnic which have become annual affairs. To raise money for her Sunshine Club she and her co-workers sell Christmas cards. Last year they netted \$2,100. Margaret, who is the only sub-forelady in the company and can hold her own with any man in a plant dispute, remembers every shut-in pensioner at Easter and personally mails out birthday cards to them all. In any spare time she sends off newsy letters to out-of-town pensioners to let them know what's going on back at the old workbench.



A personal tragedy was responsible for a busy little spot on James Street, called the San Shop. Here everything from Eskimo carvings to hand-smocked dolls' dresses, made by the patients at Hamilton's big TB sanatorium, are sold. The shop's guardian angel is Mrs. Arthur Poag, whose daughter died six years ago after a long illness. Depressed and despondent, Mrs. Poag decided to visit the patients at the sanatorium to take her mind off her own troubles. She was immediately struck by the boredom and apathy of their lives. Some of them were making wallets to pass the time and she bought them and sold them to her friends. Soon she had so many goods to sell she had to turn a room of her house into a shop and she was working from dawn to midnight. The Junior League finally gave her space in their Thrift Shop. Two years ago the Samaritan Club of Hamilton took over the financial worry, but Mrs. Poag is still convener and director of the shop. Hardly able to sew herself, she combs Hamilton stores for felts, wools and leathers for her workers. One of her happiest jobs is to stand in as god-mother for the children of patients who recover and leave the san to take up normal lives again.



The grandmother of Canada's airwaves is stout, grey-haired Jane Gray, who was the country's first woman broadcaster. Jane is still on the air for one hour every day over station CHML with snippets of marital advice, recipes, how-to-do-its, philosophy and chats with anyone who happens by. Once she put the man who came in to read the water meter on the air. Jane made her first broadcast thirty years ago in London, Ont., where she was living with three children and an invalid husband. The station manager said she would never be a success because of her English accent, but Jane read the poem, Home, by Edgar Guest and she was away. She works without a written script and her lispy English accent is particularly effective on appeals for help—for money to buy a typewriter for a missionary, for funds to pay some poor woman's hospital bill. Jane started out under the name of Elsie Gray but changed to Jane on a numerologist's advice. She was the first woman to put a radio play, a soap opera and a Sunday-school broadcast on the air. She produced the Jane Gray Players with Donald Gordon, now head of the Canadian National Railways, and Bobby Breen, the film star, in her casts. Andrew Allan, drama director for the CBC, and Rupert Lucas were both announcers for her at one time. Her career has had plenty of black clouds as well as silver linings. Once she had to masquerade as an Indian princess and sell Cree Indian laxative. Another time she made her living sewing felt Scottie dogs. But Jane's loyal fans like her radio potpourri to the tune of seventy-five fan letters a day. Once when a married man wrote in asking Jane to find him a girl friend she indignantly tore his letter up over the air. Another time she got a note that two fruit peddlers had lost a wallet. She broadcast an appeal and had the wallet back before she signed off.



Weighing fine points of the law and a couple of pounds of peaches are all in a day's work to Ethel Fagan who runs her family's one-hundred-year-old fruit farm and a law office too. A descendant of an early Hamilton family, her great-grandmother's home was actually located on the battlefield of Stoney Creek. Through the years the land has gradually been sold, but Miss Fagan still farms ten acres with the help of one hired man. On market days—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—she gets up before dawn, loads up her half-ton truck and is behind her stall in Hamilton's famous outdoor market by six. At nine she changes her smock for a business suit, turns the stall over to an assistant and becomes Ethel Fagan, LL.B. "Some of the other market people think a lawyer has no business running a stall," says Ethel Fagan, "but I say as long as it's honest it doesn't matter whether you work with your hands or your head." Miss Fagan decided to become a lawyer twenty-five years ago and she was the first woman to graduate in law from the University of Alberta. Three times she has run for election to Hamilton's board of control on a Social Credit slate, but without success. She once made the news by criticizing the Hamilton Spectator for carrying column after column on Evelyn Dick's murder trial and publishing only six inches on an election.



On The Edge of Discovery

On a drowsy summer day in childhood did you, too, push past a hedge of fear and superstition to discover for yourself what lay behind it? A sensitive story of the time we all spend waiting to grow up

By Audrey MacLeod

Illustrated by James Hill

THE LITTLE GIRL, Sarah, leaned against the telephone pole, eyes shut tight, forehead down on her round brown arm resting against the warm wood.

"Two-four-six-eight-ten," she counted slowly, with careful pride, for they did not often allow her to play.

The heat brought the sticky tar oozing out of the cracks in the pole, and the August sun burned on her skin above the neck of her blue linen playsuit, making her itch. She thought longingly of the dark circle of shade under the maple tree on their front lawn. Her father always said he bought their house because of that tree, which was huge and spreading and ever so old. Older even, she suspected, than Mrs. Hackett's house across the street, which must have been there nearly forever, standing shabby and dignified behind its high hedge, while all about it sleek new houses went up. Mrs. Hackett's old house, with its slanting roof and scalloped windows and funny little domes, and their beautiful maple tree were like ghosts of some long-long-ago time, her father said, on a street where everything else was new and young.

And again, "Two-four-six-eight-ten." Sarah stayed patiently at the goal. She marked off the sequences of counting with her left hand, poking each finger in turn against her chubby hip as she said "ten," until all five fingers were used and she had counted to fifty the way her brother Edward had taught her.

She whirled around and blinked her eyes hard in the glaring afternoon light. Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel were gone. The sidewalks were empty in the sunshine, except for the little white poodle dog from down the street who nosed about by Mrs. Hackett's hedge.

Sarah took a deep breath and set off across her lawn, racing as fast as her short fat legs could take her, her heart pounding. As she passed beneath the maple tree, she peered

up into the lowest branches without hope. That would be too easy. She never could think of good places to hide, Edward had complained of her. But she would find where they had hidden—this time.

Edward had shouted at her when she begged to play in the game. "Go 'way, Sarah! Quit following us every place." He was nine years old, to her five, and tall and fleet. His friend Mary-Lou was ten and her brother Samuel big-for-eight.

"Now, Edward." Her pretty mother was sitting on the flagstone patio beneath the jutting overhang, fanning herself with a magazine.

"Aw, Mother," Edward said, "she never can think of any good places to hide. And she can't run fast enough. She's nothing but an old pest!"

"Edward!" A note of stern warning came into her mother's soft voice.

"Oh, all right," Edward said crossly. "But she'll have to be it."

She would be anything, do anything, if only they would let her in their game. She ran to the back of the house, where elderbushes crouched low beneath the bedroom windows. The bushes were empty. She hurtled down the slope that her father had made into a rock garden with low sweet flowers and mosses and ferns. The garden offered many hiding places: little hummocks, and scooped-out places like moss-lined dimples in the hill, and a boulder big enough to hide two children in its shadow. She ran completely around the big rock, but there was no one concealed to pop up shouting and dart off to beat her to the goal.

Puzzled, she stood still for a moment, squinting up into the sun-bleached sky, where an airplane wrote out words in pale, fading clouds. Then she

Continued on page 30

I WAS A

Pinafore Pioneer

THEY CAME TO BREAK THE LAND BUT THE LAND ALMOST BROKE THEM.

MORE THRILLING THAN FICTION IS THIS TRUE STORY OF A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL

WHO FOUGHT FIRE AND HUNGER AND SNOW AND THE PRAIRIE ITSELF SEVENTY YEARS AGO

By May E. Davis *Illustrated by Oscar*

WE ARRIVED in Regina in the early morning of a very wet day in May, 1883, with Mother scarcely able to stand from weakness and travel weariness. Such a helpless little family, Mother and we four children: Lilian, seven; Harry, five; Annie, three; and I, the eldest, nine. Well might the heavens weep over us, which they did, with enthusiasm, for it poured with rain and through that dismal curtain we peered anxiously at our new surroundings. Now town to us meant city, and city meant London, England, so imagine—if you can—our surprise to discover that this town consisted of little but tents and these placed so irregularly as to give the impression that they had been rained there or perhaps sprung, funguslike, from the patch of muddy and rain-soaked prairie upon which they stood.

While we were looking about us and wondering, anxiously, what to do next the station agent came to us and offered to show us the way to a hotel. He told us quite proudly that there were two to choose from but advised us to go to one kept by a "dandy fine fellow," named McCormick.

We stayed at this tent hotel for four days while waiting for Father who was traveling behind in the freight car to watch over our belongings. As far as I was concerned I found it all very interesting; this great canvas-roofed place with nothing but tightly stretched blue-grey blankets between ourselves and the occupants of the next bedroom. We felt a little strange and shy as we ate our meals at a long table full of unknown people, but found them friendly, though sometimes very curious about us.

At last, and how long it seemed since we had seen him, Father arrived. Owing to his ignorance of the conditions in this strange land it had never occurred to him that we should arrive in Regina much before he did and he had been worrying a good deal about us.

The next day Father and a helper unloaded our belongings from the freight car and pitched our tent in company with many others on the north side of the railway track. Most of these tents were occupied only by women and children as the husbands and fathers had gone off either north,

south, east or west to do a little prospecting before applying at the land office for their one hundred and sixty acres of free land.

A good deal of the land close to the town of Regina was, at that time, not open for homesteading but held by speculators so that prospective settlers usually had to go some distance before finding land upon which they might file entry.

After a few days spent in tramping about with gun and compass Father decided upon a quarter section some thirteen miles northeast of Regina. A wooded area about a mile and a half to the north, the slightly rolling character of the land and several large sloughs, filled just then to the brim, finally made Father decide upon that particular one hundred and sixty acres. We are old-timers, now, and we have learned to love the prairies—the long vision, the great plains bounded only

Continued on page 37

*I remember beating with my sack . . . stumbling,
choking, crying with my fear of the fire.*





May Davis, a widow and grandmother at 81, now lives in Regina.



A veteran pioneer at 12, May posed (left) with sister Lilian and father.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

May E. Davis, who first came to Canada in 1883 with her father, Septimus Alfred Clark and family, has led not one, but two pioneer lives. The heroic adventures she recounts in this article all occurred before her mother's death in 1890 left her, at sixteen, to help her father bring up the family of five other children. Seven years later May married another pioneering Englishman, W. Harford Davis, and began her second career of homesteading with all the perils, inconvenience and hard work of the first. Only two of her six children survived so she adopted two other children to add to her family and now has seven grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren.

She and her husband helped found St. Matthew's, the Anglican church at Foxleigh, Saskatchewan. May taught herself to play the organ for the church, was president of the Women's Auxiliary there for twenty-four years and today is secretary for life members of the whole diocese, which has spread to cover most of the province. She was secretary to her husband in his job as secretary-treasurer of the rural municipality of Balgonie for nine years. In any spare time she had left she took part in the debating society, square-dancing, barn-raising and other community



Her mother, Annie Cook Clark, was delicate and frail and died young.

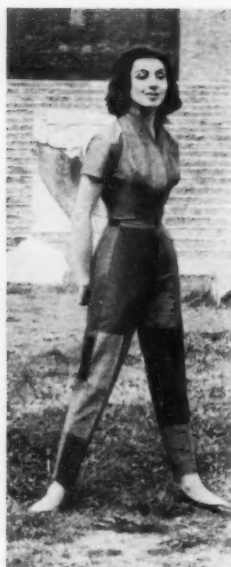
activities. She taught herself French and Latin from her children's school-books.

Today a widow, May Davis lives alone in Regina. Three of her brothers and sisters are still alive and when Chatelaine bought her memoirs, the first thing she did was to take a trip to Kindersley to see her "dear younger brother, Fred," now seventy, who had been ill for some time. Indefatigable at eighty-one, May Davis looks back on her life, so crammed with incident and adventure, endeavor and accomplishment, and says, "Life has been too futile—it needn't have been. It has been very happy but it should have been fuller." A true pioneering spirit, apparently, looks always for new frontiers to explore and such is the spirit that both Alberta and Saskatchewan provinces honor this year in their anniversary celebrations.

A PRAIRIE JUBILEE FEATURE



Wool-knit sweater—thin black stripes between broad bands of yellow and white; pink scarf. T-shirt banded with white, pink, yellow and mauve.



Grey, raw silk shirt; silk, pipeline slacks stained with squares of deep red, deep green.



Striped T-shirt, red and white; red shorts.



Pure silk middy and slacks: flame and white.

The fine Italian hand with color and design shows in these bright, brilliant play clothes, photographed in Rome by Rosemary Boxer. Available now in Canada, they also come in new Canadian-made versions

BY ROSEMARY BOXER, Chatelaine Fashion and Beauty Editor

ITALY INSPIRES THE NEW

Playtime Line

EACH YEAR, we set off for Europe to bring you the signs of the new season, spiked with some predictions of the up-and-coming "rages." This year, following a few straws in the wind and our own intuition, we flew straight to Rome and photographed one of the most colorful sportswear stories to come out of Italy for some time—brilliant shock-shades, T-shirt shapes and handwoven fabrics. Now, for the first time, they are to be found in welcome quantities in this country.

We picked the clothes shown here out of the flourishing workrooms of two of Italy's top sportswear designers: Laura Aponte and Tessitrice dell'Isola. You will find them now in the sportswear departments and specialty shops across Canada. Also, Canadian manufacturers, inspired by these models, have given their own sportswear the same easy lines and stinging colors—so there are Canadian-made versions, too.

Laura Aponte's daughter, who has an artist's flair for color and line, modeled some of her sweaters for us (one, the rainbow-banded T-shirt above). And from the tiny, rocky island of Capri, and the workrooms of Tessitrice dell'Isola, came the separates—the shorts, shirts and slacks in handwoven silks and linens. Here, the Baroness Gallotti, a member of one of the old Roman families, designs and supervises the blending of the fabrics and the fine, pure colors. ♦



Pure silk separates—black bateau-necked top; white skirt ingrained with black rickrack. Slender chemise dress, striped red and white to the hips; red skirt.



Black jersey sweater, with a path of black and white stripes from collar to cuff; jersey pants. White sweater, striped bib; pleated wool-knit skirt, circled with hot pink, pineapple and black.



Bare-armed blouse in electric-blue linen, white collar; brief, white linen shorts — the waist pointed out by a bright, blue chevron. Big shirt, little shorts: green and white. Fine peppermint stripes rim the short sleeves, the wide centre panel.



Wool-knit sweater, with a buttoned, straight-across collar, kangaroo pocket; in black with shocking pink stripes. White polo-neck sweater, stroked with vertical black lines, the lines bridged here and there by small, bright squares of petunia; tapered slacks.



Barber-pole stripes — sea-blue and white, running at right angles; royal-blue pants. White wool knit, edged twice with black braid, looped at the cuffs and shoulders; black velveteen slacks. And between the two: Giuseppe Rosi, poet.



Butcher-blue wool jersey, its neckline filled in with stark white wool; a hot orange tie. Two pink-and-white jersey squares, knotted at shoulders and waist.



Reefer jacket, green reversing to red. Beneath it, a white flannel polo shirt; lean trousers. Raw silk shirt and jeans — shaded bars of pink and mauve, silver-threaded.

By CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Marie Holmes, Director

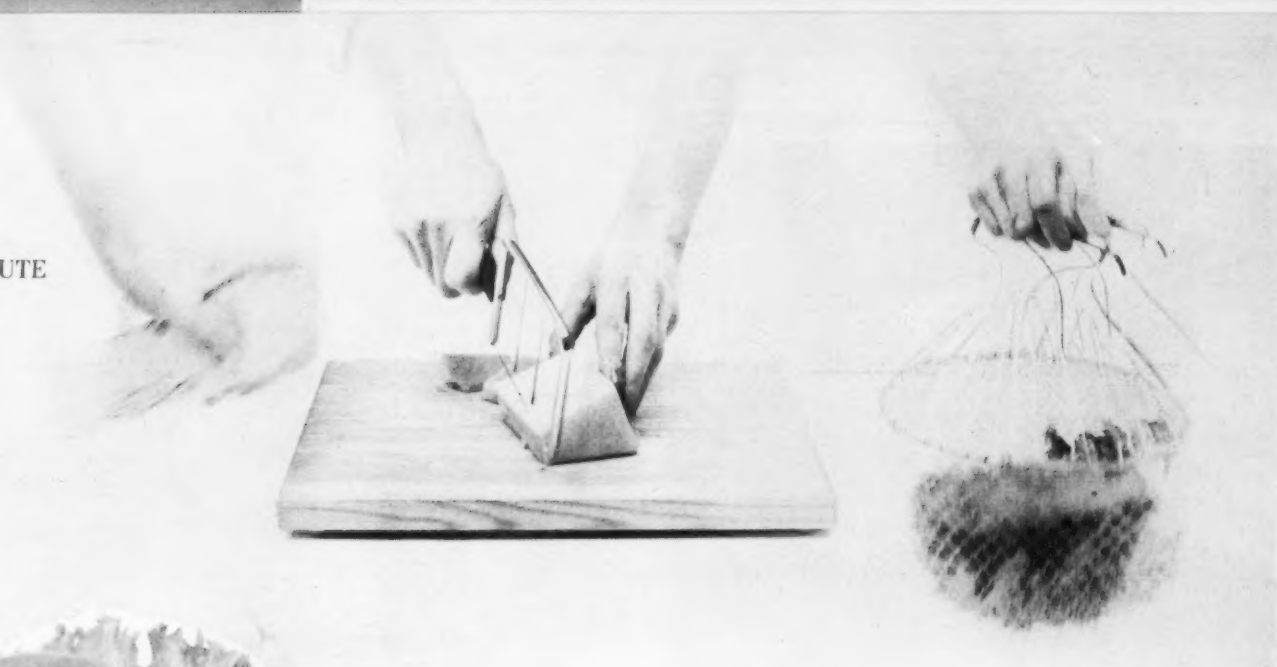
Frances Hucks

Jean Byers

Carol Crealock

Jean Sherlock

Ellen Ingham



SALADS

Salad-making

takes too long?

Chatelaine Institute

timed these seven salads.

Try our short cuts

and streamline your salad

meals this summer

20-Minute Vegetable Fruit Medley

On leaf lettuce place a slice of cantaloupe topped with melon balls and green grapes. Split leaves of a fantan bun and put sliced cold meat between them. Beside this put a crisp lettuce cup of alternating slices of cucumber and cheese. Add half a fresh peach with its centre filled with a split marshmallow and plump, juicy strawberries beside French endive. Complete it with apple wedges and grated carrot, potato frills and a few black cherries. Round out the menu with mushroom soup and iced tea.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



IN NO TIME

You don't need to take hours to make salads any more. Now you can speed them up by putting your refrigerator to work, omitting the fussy frills and using the timesaving tricks and gadgets we show you here and on the next page.

10-Minute Supper Salad Plate

In centre of plate place bowl of soup. Surround with salad greens and arrange the following: Slice of bologna folded into cone shape, fastened with toothpick and stuffed with combined cottage cheese, cooked rice, sliced radishes and a dash of curry powder. Mound of coleslaw with added sliced tomatoes. Diced apple, halved dates and pineapple chunks combined in crisp lettuce cup. A few pretzels, cheese fingers and an added garnish of black cherries and radishes. Try homemade milk shakes for dessert.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

11-Minute Vegetable Patch Salad

On a plate of crisp greens centre a tomato scooped out and filled with ready-to-serve potato salad (sold in cartons in store). If time allows add diced celery and cooked mushrooms to the potato. Down one side arrange alternating beet, onion and orange slices. Add raw carrots and cauliflowerettes.

On the other side place cold, cooked asparagus tips and lettuce wedge. Add pickles and olives. Arrange finger sandwiches (spread with cheese, peanut butter or a meat spread) on plate. Complete menu with fruit juice and chocolate cake.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

8-Minute Meat Salad Plate

On a bed of salad greens arrange 2 or 3 slices of cooked meat, a half pear filled with tart red jelly, tomato wedges and celery hearts.

Add a scoop of potato salad from a carton (or made from cooked potatoes on hand), seasoned with a sprinkling of dill and topped with grated hard-cooked egg yolk. Use halved egg whites as holders for chili sauce dressing. Fill a lettuce cup with stuffed olives, a few grapes and shelled nuts. Serve with buttered slices of rye bread.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

12-Minute Heat Wave Fruit Plate

On endive place slice of pineapple or cantaloupe topped with scoop of lime sherbet and sprinkled with grated chocolate. Or top fruit with a square of cream cheese and add chopped nuts.

Place lettuce cup filled with fresh red berries (in season), diced banana and quartered marshmallows beside it.

Arrange apricot halves filled to overflowing with blueberries or Saskatoons.

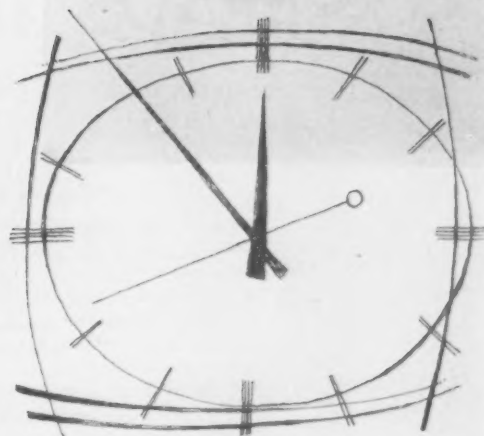
Then add wedges of marmalade-spread nut bread and a ready-to-serve fruit gelatine mold. Garnish with fresh mint leaves.

Pass lemonade and additional nut bread.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

15-Minute Neptune Salad

Fill half a peeled avocado with baby shrimp and grapefruit sections (fresh, frozen or canned). Surround with the following: A scoop of cottage cheese combined with diced maraschino cherries and pecans heaped on a slice of pineapple.



A lettuce cup filled with shredded cabbage, diced orange and whole red grapes.

Arrange canned green lima beans and carrot coins on the plate and garnish with snipped chives.

Add heaped-up potato chips and a half lemon cup filled with salad dressing.

Complete menu with chilled tomato juice, hot rolls and tarts.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

5-Minute Super Salad Bowl

Into large salad bowl tear mixed greens such as spinach, leaf and head lettuce, endive and watercress. Add chopped green onion, diced tomato, diced precooked sausages or other cooked meat (cut into bite-size pieces), crumbled cooked bacon and diced fresh pears. Sprinkle with coarsely grated old Canadian cheddar cheese. Toss with a piquant garlic French dressing. Serve with crusty rolls.

For dessert try ice-cream sodas and cookies.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

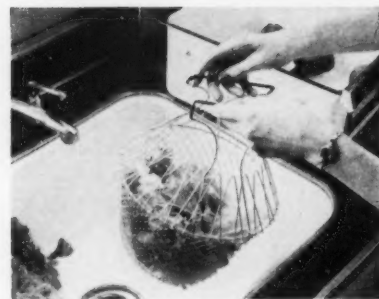
See next page for Salad Short Cuts



Separate and wash a head of lettuce in one operation: Cut out wedge-shaped core. Discard. Place core end under cold-water tap. As water separates the leaves, remove them one at a time.



Remove tomato skin in a hurry by twirling tomato on a fork over gas flame until skin breaks. Or if there is boiling water handy immerse tomatoes in it, leave for one minute, then dip in cold water. Skin peels off easily. With young, tender tomatoes leave skin on; just wash and slice into salad with a sharp knife.



Basic rule to speed up your salad-making: always wash greens, vegetables and fruit before putting them away in the refrigerator. Wash leafy greens in one of the handy new wire or plastic baskets. Immerse in cold water several times, drain well and store in crisper.

Continued

SALADS IN NO TIME

Here are quick tricks and gadgets to speed your salad-making

- You'll save time by leaving the skins on fruits and vegetables whenever possible. Have your knives and peelers very sharp.
- Cook extra eggs at breakfast to serve later sliced or stuffed on a salad plate. At dinner cook extra potatoes and chill for salads.
- Shred several leaves of lettuce quickly by rolling three or four together lengthwise and cutting across roll with sharp knife.
- For quick chopped onion, cut an onion in half, score cut end in squares. Now slice your chopped onion right into salad.
- When making a number of salad plates, group ingredients and distribute each one in turn on all plates before distributing the next.
- Salad gadgets are timesavers and fun to use. Invest in an onion chopper, garlic press, melon-ball spoon, scissors, squeeze bottles.



Use packaged short cuts: ready-shredded mixed vegetables, delicatessen foods such as potato salad, sliced and flavored cheeses, ready-to-serve breads and rolls, potato chips, assorted French and other dressings, ready-cut pickles, maraschino cherries, sliced cold cuts, canned meat and fish, cottage cheese and molded jellies.



Neat molds can easily be made by packing moist salad mixtures in a cup, and then turning them out on lettuce. This can be done with potato, chicken, salmon or tuna salads that need to be piled high. Top the mound with stuffed olives or ready-cut green pickle for garnish.

Apple cutter with one stroke both cores and sections apples. Leave red skin on apples for more colorful effect in salad.

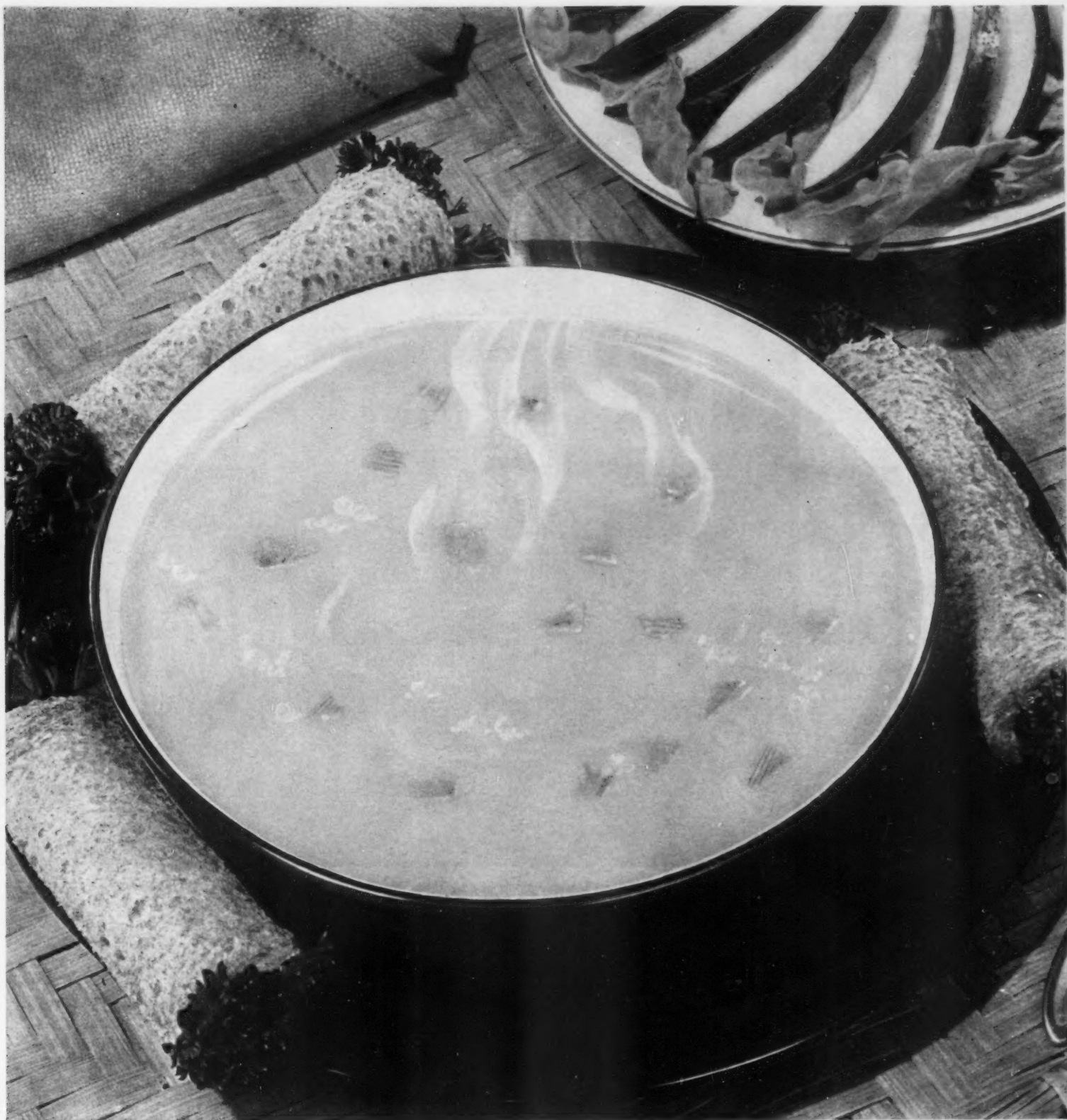


Special salad shredder sits firmly on table, shreds or grates cabbage, etc., as you turn the handle.



This multi-slicer prepares a can of luncheon meat, meat loaf or cheese loaf for several salad plates in only seconds.





So smooth, so rich with chicken!

For a relaxing pause in a busy day, stop for a bowl of Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup! It's richly flavored with tempting chicken pieces and smooth as sweet dairy cream can make it. Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup is nourishing and quick to prepare. Keep lots on hand.

Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup



21 kinds to choose from. How many have you tried?

Asparagus (Cream of)	Consommé
Bean with Bacon	French Canadian Pea
Beef	Green Pea
Beef Noodle	Mushroom (Cream of)
Bouillon	Onion
Celery (Cream of)	Ox Tail
Chicken (Cream of)	Scotch Broth
Chicken Gumbo	Tomato
Chicken Noodle	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Vegetable Beef
Clam Chowder	Vegetarian Vegetable

THE HOUSE

OF *Happy Shosts*

*Through this doorway lies a wonderful world of yesterday,
recreated by a determined woman who lives in a modern log cabin
with these fascinating relics of our Canadian pioneer heritage*



More than a century of weathering and use accounts for the warm glow of polished pine floors, walls and beams, all of which came from an old Ontario barn. Log-cabin quilt of eight thousand patches on far wall was sewn by young bride a hundred years ago.

ONCE UPON a time, a weary young man named Jonas Byer, who had been in the saddle for a month or more, gave up his horse in payment for a parcel of land near what is now Toronto and walked the more than six hundred miles back to York, Pennsylvania. In 1801, many months later, he brought his family back in a Conestoga wagon. They made their new home in Upper Canada in the same district where, one hundred and fifty-four years later, their descendants still live.

But the work of their hands and the hands of many other early settlers—the tools, the furniture, the rugs and implements—has been largely forgotten and comes to view only occasionally at farm auction sales and in dust-thick attics.

One determined woman near Toronto has dedicated her energy to saving these remnants of our pioneer life and has made a unique living monument to those days out of her own home.



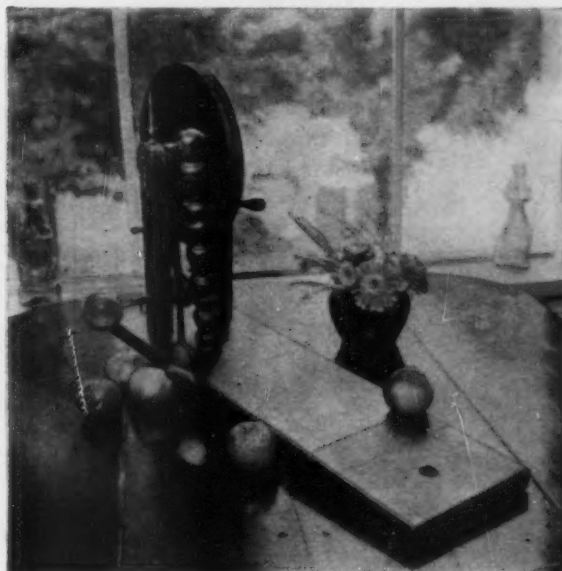
Elsa Neil makes it her lifetime job to rescue pioneer relics like the hand-whittled child's cradle and lard-press table beside her here.



Party-supper stews are still made in heavy iron pot on fireplace crane. Note early meat spit, far left, with hooks and drip pan.



Seventy-five cents' worth of buttermilk and red ochre powder, early paint recipe, colors terra-cotta wall. Wooden dry-sink is cider bar.



Young men vied in decoration of ingenious apple-peelers like this one, made in 1843, to attract girls' regard at district paring bees.

By
MARGARET
NEWCOMBE

Photos by Peter Croydon

One of her proudest possessions is a piece of the Byer family's handiwork.

"I like to think our house is full of ghosts," says Mrs. R. H. Neil, wife of a Toronto lawyer and mother of five grown-up children. "But of course we try to make them all happy ghosts."

Her house is a modern log-cabin home, reconstructed entirely from the hand-hewn timbers of a hundred-and-thirty-year-old barn, filled with authentic mementos of early Canadian life and sheltering as many lively and happy ghosts of those years as Elsa Neil can cram into it.

She thinks we all forget too quickly the fortitude and skills of our ancestors and she has set herself the lifetime task of bringing them to light again. She has become a recognized authority on early life in Upper Canada and opens her log-cabin home to groups of school children, Scouts and men's and women's clubs. This year she gave eighteen lectures throughout the province for the home-economics branch of the

provincial Department of Agriculture. She calls the series Treasures in Our Attics and shows her audience how to recognize their precious antiques and how to restore them.

She traced down one of her house ghosts—the son of that early Byer settler—in the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, when she was demonstrating furniture refinishing for the Women's Institute next to a bee-keeper's honey stall.

She had bought the ingeniously fashioned apple-peeler, shown on this page, at an auction sale. Decorated with typical Pennsylvania Dutch designs of tulips, hearts and American eagle, all pricked out with a square-headed nail-end, it set forth that it had been made by David Byer in 1843. Her neighboring bee-keeper's name was Edwin Byer and it turned out that his great-grandfather was that very same David Byer, born in Markham, Ontario, in 1820.

David, one of the eleven children of Jonas Byer, was twenty-three years old when he made

the apple-peeler. One of the ways a young man showed his mettle in those days of apple-paring, corn-husking bees was to produce the fanciest, best apple-parer in the district. We can imagine David patiently whittling the curved post and squaring off the stand by firelight on the winter evenings when his chores were done. And Mrs. Neil likes to think that he comes visiting her house now from his grave in the old Markham cemetery to see the product of his patient work and youthful dreams still spearing and paring apples as cleverly as it did when it first caught the eye of his best girl.

This is another of Mrs. Neil's strong beliefs—antiques are made to be used, not set off in some cobwebby corner. Her woodbox is a huge sauerkraut barrel, her coffee table a sturdy pinewood lard press whittled into shape with a draw knife. A colossal apple-butter caldron of burnished copper supports a driftwood stump twined with ivy. A

Continued on page 28

Cleanse...
and cleanse deeply,
into the skin,
with one of the
Yardley Cleansing Creams,
or Cleansing Milk



Nourish...
with rich Vitamin
Night Cream.
Massage it gently in
to soften, smooth and
replenish tired skins



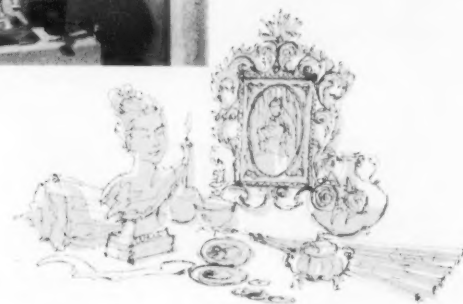
Tone...
with Astringent Lotion
(or for dry skins,
Toning Lotion) to brace,
freshen and prepare
your skin
for make-up



protect
your loveliness with
YARDLEY
skin care



Unusual grouping over a radiator shows how unrelated items can be brought together successfully to form an attractive unit. Heavier objects are hung in the centre and balanced by light objects placed on the outside.



Collections are what you make of them

Display your treasures — photos, bibelots, greenery — in new, striking groups to add charm and individuality to your home

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD *Chatelaine Home Planning Editor*

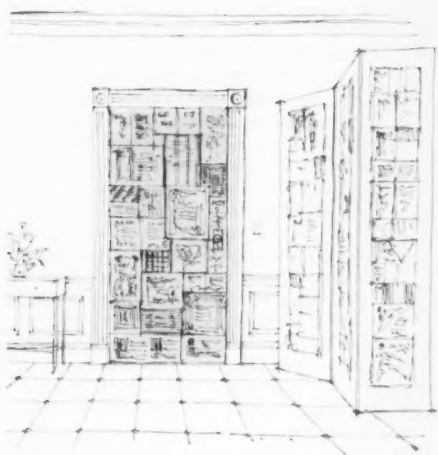
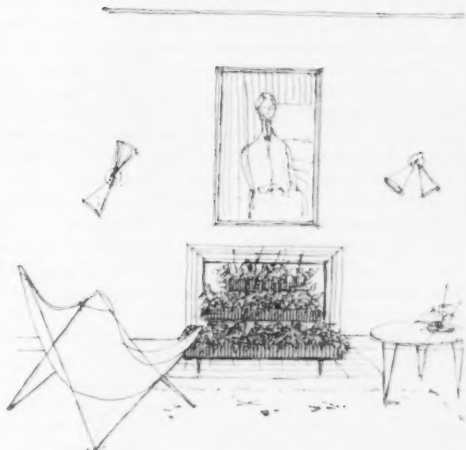
A COLLECTION displayed with imagination gives your home a special personality that expresses you and your interests. The first rule in displaying your collection is to group the articles in a unit rather than scatter them throughout the house. This gives importance to objects that otherwise seem lost. The second rule is to choose the background that will be most flattering. Generally tiny objects are best displayed within a frame or on a textured, colored background while larger pieces, grouped together, can be used to draw attention to a certain piece of furniture or to utilize awkward wall spaces. Sketched are some effective groupings to guide you.



Drawings by Earl Wilson

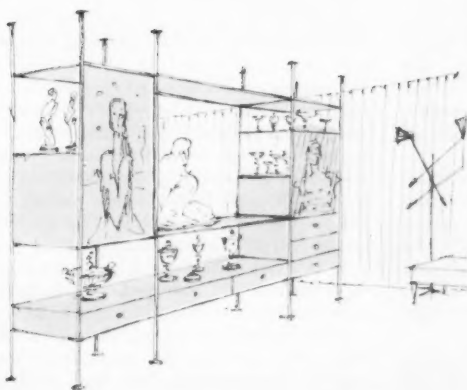
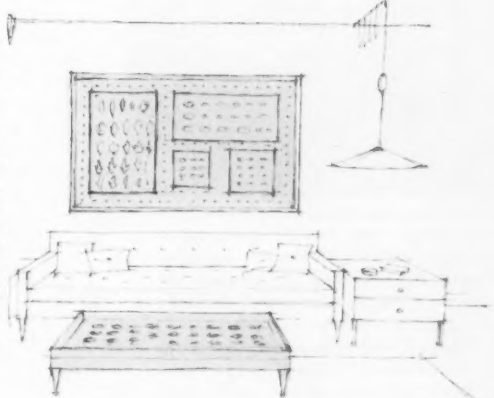
To display photographs, mat them on colored burlap or linen and slide them between aluminum track or wooden plate rails on wall. Family portraits can be arranged in an intriguing checkerboard design for sentimentalists. Alternate the pictures with old watches, fans, or grandmother's brooch, mounted on velvet or felt squares.

Green thumbs who run out of window sills will find a three-tier, metal plant stand displays plants to advantage and gives a lush focal point to a room. We've used our stand in front of a fireplace but also suggest a small foyer or hall. Grouping plants is practical, too. They can all be watered at once.



Gather your old programs, match covers, snaps, menus, clippings, magazine covers and paste them on a panel. Then shellac the surface and bolt the panel to an old door. In a room with too many doors use this technique on one of them and paint the others the wall color. This method of mounting souvenirs is also effective on tall screens.

Small objects — leaves, rocks, shells, coins — are a collector's favorite. Pegboard, which is painted a shade a little deeper than the wall color, makes a good background for these. Fasten them on easily to form a focal point over the sofa. The coffee table, an old frame on legs, houses another grouping under its glass top.



Room dividers or open shelves placed at right angles to a wall are excellent for displaying a collection. To display small objects, build wooden boxes open at one end and painted a bright color. Line the inside with wall-paper. When the boxes are placed on the shelves the closed backs can be used for hanging your pictures.

LI'L ABNER^{by} AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HALP!!

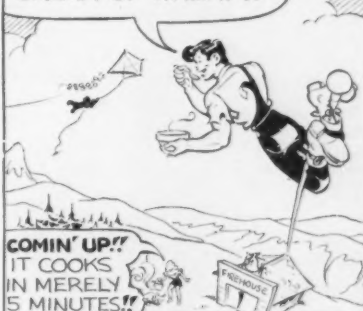
HONEST ABE'S KITE'S A-BLOWIN' AWAY — WIF (SOB!!) HONEST ABE ATTACHED!!



AH'LL CLIMB TH' FIREHOUSE FLAGPOLE, AN' SAVE HIM !!

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THAR HE BLOWS!! — AH NEEDS 'NOTHER BUCKET O' S-M-O-O-T-H QUICK 'CREAM OF WHEAT'!!



GOT HIM!!



*FOR DIETS DEFICIENT IN THESE ELEMENTS

GULP!! — AN' AWAY WE G-GOES!!



YO' SHORE KEPT ABE WELL FED! HE LOVES 'CREAM OF WHEAT' — AN SO DO TH' KIDS IN TH' NEXT TOWN!! WE ALL WANTS MORE!!



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Aching feet can put
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W. F. Young, Inc., Montreal 19, P.Q.

"Gives
fast relief
to sore, tired
feet!"



Absorbine Jr.

THE HOUSE OF HAPPY GHOSTS

Continued from page 25

dry-sink, made entirely of wood so closely joined and fitted that water doesn't leak through, makes a useful cider bar.

Her collection of heavy ironstone dishes shows to advantage in a massive paneled corner cupboard. Mrs. Neil bought the cupboard for ten dollars. It was covered with layer after layer of paint over the dark and scummy remains of the original varnish, made from whisky and buttermilk. (Whisky sold for fifty cents a gallon in those days.) She spent many weary weeks getting down to the original wood and now her ten-dollar purchase has been valued by authorities at four hundred dollars.

She doesn't like to put a price on her finished work, though, since the value to her lies in restoring pieces to all their original natural beauty.

"Think how much this man must have loved his wife!" she points out, smoothing with her hand the beautifully paneled boards of her huge flour bin, built to hold one and a half barrels of flour. "Most men just turned out square boxes, but this is a work of loving patience." Now the bin bulges with cushions to make extra floor seats when the house is full of guests.

To recall the lives and personalities of long-dead people, as shown in the work of their hands, is one of her greatest thrills and it is her imagination that has peopled the house with ghosts.

The first happy ghost you are likely to meet in her home, set in a green and lovely elbow of the Don River, is that of David Stump, English yeoman. He built the hundred-and-thirty-year-old barn from which the present house has been made. On April 25, 1825, David Stump bought a two-hundred-acre farm from Thomas Metcalfe, for £125 "in lawful money of Upper Canada," the same land that sells now for \$1,000 an acre to hungry suburban subdividers.

David Stump must have been a sturdy yeoman because he felled by hand the oaks, pines and rock elms to make the logs and planks for his barn. Pine boards three inches thick were rough-sawn for the threshing floor and were carefully hand-grooved and fitted together with splines so that the precious grain he flailed from sheaves would not be lost in the cracks. Polished to a golden, smooth evenness by a dozen threshing seasons, the barn floor proved a perfect place for the square-dance parties of the early years.

But even fashions in barns change and the new frame ones became popular. Years of winter storms tore off the doors and heavy snows crushed the roof. Mrs. Neil and her husband discovered the old sway-backed structure hidden behind sprawling factories in Woodbridge. They knew there were enough logs and lumber in it to build the home they had dreamed of.

The heavy logs—thirty-five feet long—were moved, eighteen at a time, by trailer trucks to the present site about ten miles away. John Pilon, one of the last master builders of log construction, came down from Penetanguishene with four helpers, two of them his sons, to build the house. Mrs. Neil was on the

job with the builders every minute of the day, starting at seven in the morning, for the five summer months it took to complete it. The old logs, chinked with cement, make the walls. The pine logs were sawed into two-inch-thick planks for the floors. The pine cupboards, all the wall paneling came out of the old barn. The thrashing-floor planks, a clean eighteen to twenty inches wide, are used in the entrance hall. And when the spirit of David Stump comes knocking on the front door, he taps on heavy oaken planks—it took three men to hang the door—of his own hewing.

The priceless, seasoned lumber from the barn cost only \$650, but today the house and land and furnishings are worth \$40,000 or more. The Neils sold their spacious house in Thornhill village with all its lovely traditional furniture to swing the deal.

"But I'm so much happier without acres of hardwood floors to worry about, without all the carved, intricate furniture to polish," she says now. "The simple, pioneer furniture I have now takes such a little bit of loving to keep it shining. Once it is brought back to its original finish, of course!"

DID YOU KNOW

... that adhesive tape over the head of a hammer will prevent scratching or marring the finish on upholstery tacks you are driving?

Few of Mrs. Neil's pioneer acquisitions are expensive. "I have to search out what other people despise and think nothing of," she explains. "Dirty, scarred, neglected pieces that nobody wants. It makes it all the more interesting—that I hadn't the money just to go to dealers and buy pieces already refinished."

For example, one of her oldest ghosts came along with a despised and discarded clock. He's an odd sort of transplanted ghost, this little clockmaker from Scotland, in heavy woven linen smock and square iron-framed spectacles. He lingers to hear the clear sound of his silver bell ringing away the hours on the grandfather clock he made more than two hundred years ago.

The clock was made for the ancestral home of a famous Scottish family. When the descendants moved to Canada, they brought the clock with them. It suffered from the change in temperature, began to crack open and fall apart. The last owner, a wealthy woman, was displeased with her favorite nephew when he married a girl of whom she disapproved. To show her spite, her sole wedding gift to the young couple was the clock, now in so many separate pieces it could hardly be recognized as such.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil called on the newlyweds just as the wrathful bridegroom was about to take the scraps and throw them in the lake. Mrs. Neil was appalled, so the groom said, "If you think you can make anything of this jigsaw puzzle, take it away with you right now!"

Mrs. Neil responded to this challenge like a fighting cock, of course. She searched out a famous clockmaker, the

late Jerry Smith, who said the works hadn't been cleaned for a hundred years and he could hardly wait to get at them. Mrs. Neil brought the beautifully feathered mahogany panels back to life herself, patiently massaging warm oil into the starved wood. It takes her one whole day to feed it this way every year, both inside and out.

"Today our furniture is made mostly on assembly lines by people who don't know where it will go," says Mrs. Neil. "But each cupboard, chair and table in our house was made for just one home by the owner himself or by the carpenter who built the home. They chose the best trees in the forest, cut the lumber, waited for it to age and then carefully planed, dovetailed and pegged the furniture until it became their pride and joy."

One proud possession—a log-cabin quilt—did cost more than Mrs. Neil likes to admit. But it brought with it a happy little female ghost. Her frail, girlish wraith is sometimes seen in the stair well that leads to the lower, split level of the house. Here on the wall glow the multitudinous colors she painstakingly pieced together. There are 8,100 tiny patches worked into the traditional squared design of the log-cabin quilt. Every patch is made from the finest woolen materials of a hundred years ago, from the Sunday suits and the go-to-meeting dresses, scraps saved from a hem, a seam or traded at corn-husking bees or church suppers.

The seventeen-year-old bride must have slaved for months to get it ready for her trousseau. She died at the birth of her first baby, a daughter, and the daughter treasured the handiwork of the mother she had never known for ninety-three years. Finally, she let a dealer have it but she specified it must go to someone who would truly appreciate it.

Mrs. Neil appreciated it all right, but the price staggered her. Her husband mildly protested. "Isn't it about time you bought yourself some clothes instead of spending all your allowance on these old relics?" he enquired.

"Now I ask you!" Mrs. Neil said, later. "Clothes can be bought any day but a log-cabin quilt like this turns up once in a lifetime."

So she bought it and hid it away and rushed guiltily to the sewing machine to run up some new dresses.

About a year later her husband suggested, "I think a patchwork quilt would make an interesting decoration over the stair well," and the psychological moment had arrived to produce her relic.

Mrs. Neil's skill with her hands has helped her in furnishing her unique house, for collecting antiques does tend to drain off the budget, even if you are lucky enough to pick up bargains that nobody else wants for little money. Her old colonial cradle, long and narrow, the planks first hewn out of a log with saw and axe and then carved into shape with a whittling knife, and dating back 150 years, was picked up in the laneway of the old Thornhill Hotel, looking exactly like a piece of driftwood. The proprietor had intended to plant geraniums in it but fortunately never got around to doing it. He was glad to sell it, plus a seven-foot-long, backless settee that had stood in his upper hall for at least 140 years, for the sum total of \$6.25. The hours of work Mrs. Neil put into these two pieces to restore them

didn't count, in her mind, as cost. The handsome old settee, covered in fifty-nine-cents-a-yard paisley dress print in grey, yellow and pink, makes a handsome showoff piece in her log-walled bedroom. Late at night, Mrs. Neil says, she can imagine the shadows of a long-ago courting couple, sitting out a ghostly dance on it, just as they did in the days when Thornhill, now high and dry twenty miles inland, was a thriving town with mills damming the then deep Don River all the way down to the lake front.

Mrs. Neil decided to cover her living-room chesterfield and chairs with potato sacking, dyed a dark green. Mrs. Neil had first used this inexpensive material for curtains twenty years ago, before it became a decorator's fashionable idea. Its rough, homespun look makes the few modern pieces blend harmoniously into the pioneer background.

To add a touch of warmth to the silvery-grey weathered boards in her living room, Mrs. Neil wanted to paint one wall and ceiling terra cotta. She thought the same kind of paint the pioneers had used would do the trick. So she got a huge can of buttermilk from a dairy for seventy-five cents and powdered red ochre for fifteen cents a pound. Considering that the carpenters who were building the house drank about half the buttermilk—just dipping in as they went by the can—Mrs. Neil figures it cost her less than seventy-five cents to paint the wall and ceiling.

"The pioneers found milk was a good adhesive base for paint," Mrs. Neil says, "but when they combined it with whisky, as mentioned before, it is the worst combination in the whole world to get off!"

Getting off paint and dirt—you have to scrape with glass, with sandpaper and steel wool besides using paint remover—and then feeding the wood with oil or wax and hand polishing to bring back its original glow and color require a patience and devotion to work that few of us have. Mrs. Neil is practically unhappy unless she has at least one piece in the works.

She first became interested in early Canadian life when she was five and heard the story of a little pioneer girl who came to Canada in a Conestoga wagon. She was particularly fascinated by the part in the story where the little girl had nothing but a spoon doll to play with. A spoon doll is one made from a big wooden spoon.

"It seemed to me to represent so clearly the ingenuity of our early pioneers that I could hardly wait to make a spoon doll for myself."

She read everything she could get her hands on about the pioneer days. She began to haunt blacksmith shops on her country vacations in her early teens, to talk to old-timers and to build up a modest collection.

The house in Thornhill is the second log-cabin home she has built. She and her husband built one on Georgian Bay where they and their family of five lively children went for the summers. It served as a repository for her growing collection. This gave her so much pleasure that she began to dream of a permanent log home where she and her husband might retire. Neither has retired yet and it's doubtful if they ever will, as long as Elsa has her absorbing interest to keep up with.

She has more ambitious plans on the fire. She's looking for "a fairy god-

father," for example, who would back the building of a permanent Pioneer Village on the Canadian National Exhibition grounds or in High Park. And she thinks it's a crying shame that the Royal Ontario Museum lacks an authentic Old Ontario room.

"Soon the last remnants of our early culture will have disappeared entirely," she laments. "Soon the last living descendant who can remember them, from hearing the old tales direct from his grandparents, will be dead. This

heritage of our pioneer times must be rescued!"

Children have a natural interest in this heritage, Mrs. Neil claims. She cites the interest of her paper boy and his chum as an example. Each week, when they came to collect for the paper, she found them with noses pressed against the glass panels of the entrance. One day she said, "Would you like to have a look around, boys?"

She gave them a little private tour, peeled an apple on the old apple-peeler,

wrote with a quill pen, demonstrated the dasher churn and poured them cider from an old, blue-marked stoneware jug.

"Hey, lookit there!" cried the paper boy, pointing to a square in the old matched paneling, a door which led to a storage loft over the kitchen. "Bet that's a secret passageway, isn't it?" Mrs. Neil nodded solemnly. The boys looked at her in awe. "Gee! You've got everything!"

And Elsa Neil agrees with them. ♦



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C18

ON THE EDGE OF DISCOVERY

Continued from page 15

wandered out a short way into the field at the foot of the garden. In the spring, when the grass was high, Edward might have hidden in the field. But not now; her father had burned it down to a stubble. A steady humming-buzzing rose from the burned field, making her ears sting. Grasshoppers bounced up about her bare brown legs and somewhere, distantly, a dog barked twice and stopped. She curled her tongue far out to lick away the line of perspiration that had formed on her upper lip.

Suddenly she thought of the telephone pole, the goal left unguarded. Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel could come home, touch the pole whooping, "My gools! My gools!" and she would have to be it again. She wiped her damp hot hands on the front of her playsuit and ran back up the slope, around the house, and, panting, flung her arms about the pole. But the street was still quiet and empty. Even the poodle at Mrs. Hackett's hedge had gone.

She looked thoughtfully at Mary-Lou and Samuel's house next door, but its stark, chalky walls and new baby trees protected with little chicken-wire fences were hopeless. There was nothing to hide behind anywhere at Mary-Lou and Samuel's. The other houses were the same, bare and unconcealing. She hugged the pole and looked up and down her side of the street, then the other, and thought, where, where? Her eyes stopped at Mrs. Hackett's.

The hedge ran tall and thick around the old house on three sides, but there

were gaps about the bottom big enough for children to crawl through. And at the back was a small orchard of ancient apple trees, gnarled and shadowy.

Sarah stared at the hedge running along the side, back toward the orchard. But there was no suspicious movement of the green branches, as of someone wedged in and shifting a little, uncomfortably. No movement of the green at all in the windless afternoon.

She looked up to the patio; her mother had gone indoors. Slowly, with stealthy nonchalance, she stepped backward from the curb into the street, all the while picking with her fingernail at a trickle of soft tar edging a crack in the pole. She swung one leg back and forth, stubbing the toe of her sandal against the curbing. Then she suddenly turned and darted across the street and along the hedge by the side of Mrs. Hackett's house. Her yellow hair caught in a rubber band at the crown of her head bounced, flying like a flaxen mane, and her stomach knotted sickly with the feeling of naughtiness and guilt.

They were forbidden to play around Mrs. Hackett's. She knew it and always, before this, had obeyed. Edward knew it too; but still, where else?

One afternoon, when they first came to live in their new house with the maple tree, Mary-Lou and Samuel's mother had told her mother, "You'd better keep the kids away from there!" She had nodded toward Mrs. Hackett's and drawn her lips back against her teeth with a little irritated sound. Samuel had climbed in the apple trees once, and Mrs. Hackett's housekeeper called the police.

Her mother had said, gently, "Well, I suppose old trees can be badly injured if you break the limbs. Still, calling

A Chatelaine Pattern



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the police seems—" She stopped and looked over at Mrs. Hackett's house, looming grey and silent above the great greening hedge.

Mary-Lou and Samuel's mother followed her look. "An ark of a place, isn't it?" she asked. "A regular eyesore in the neighborhood. If you ask me, it ought to be torn down."

"Oh, I don't know," her mother said in a soft faraway voice, tilting her pretty head to one side, "I think it's quite charming. A memento of an era."

Later her mother explained to Edward and her that Mrs. Hackett was a very old lady and shouldn't be disturbed by children's noise and shouting. She had warned them strictly: they must never play about Mrs. Hackett's.

Remembering this was like fright aching in Sarah's throat as she trotted ahead desperately. Edward must be here; because he thought she would not dare to follow. Thought she would not find them and then he would say, old pest, never can find us, and not let her play.

But at any moment she might be confronted by the housekeeper who called policemen after children! Her ribs grew taut with fear and her breath sobbed out. She searched the hedge quickly, worriedly, afraid of whom she might find waiting there. Then she was panting at the edge of the orchard, where the old trees stood like an army of crooked old men.

"Edward," she called softly, in a trembling voice, "I see you, Edward. I found you—" Silence, and the sun coming through the leaves spread dappled patterns on the dusty ground beneath the trees. "All right, Edward," she said more bravely. "All right, I'm starting back to gools." She teetered on her toes, ready to fly at the least movement from behind the trees. But in the unanswering quiet, like an affront, her bravado faded. "Where are you? Edward! Come out! You're here! I know you're here!" She stumbled among the trees, flinging herself with fury against them and beating her small brown fists on the knotted trunks. Tears ran hot and salty into her mouth and she spluttered them out furiously. When she fell on the parched earth, she skinned her knee and drew blood.

"I hate you, Edward!" she cried hoarsely. "Mary-Lou and Samuel, I hate you, I hate you!" Crouching, she picked the dirt from her scraped knee gingerly. She wet her finger on her tongue and wiped away the blood, but this stung terribly, and she pressed the soft underpart of her arm against the smarting place and cried softly. The only sound in the still hot afternoon

was the hypnotic, low insect-singing all around her in the trees.

Then suddenly, from behind her, frighteningly close, came a harsh squawking sound she didn't recognize. She sat on her heels, very still for a moment, her ears straining to the curious sound. She twisted slowly around, wiping her tear-smeared cheeks with the backs of her hands, and peered across the dappled orchard floor into Mrs. Hackett's yard, at the full open length of the back of Mrs. Hackett's house.

Beneath a tree at the edge of the thirsty-looking lawn, a very old lady sat in a chair with big wheels on it. The squawking came from a huge green bird in a wire cage on the grass beside the lady. The bird spread his wings, beating them with a soft thudding against the sides of the cage, and screeched wildly out at Sarah.

"Hush!" The old lady spoke in a whispery, creaky voice that barely reached Sarah's ears. Then, "Come here, child," she said, seeming to speak

to the dry, empty air in front of her.

Sarah held her breath and didn't move. She remembered Edward chanting, "Witch-lady Hackett, witch-lady Hackett," the way he'd heard Mary-Lou and Samuel do. And her mother had heard him and scolded Edward and said he must never, never say such an unkind thing. But if Mrs. Hackett really were a witch—

Mrs. Hackett turned her head. "Come here, child. Don't be frightened—come!"

Sarah stood up and walked slowly

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out from under the trees, limping a little because her knee was stiff and because pebbles had crept in through the cut-out holes in the tops of her sandals. She stopped back from Mrs. Hackett's chair with her hands clasped behind her, staring. Despite the heat, Mrs. Hackett had a knitted blanket over her legs; her knees made two knobs beneath the wool. She was indeed a very, very old lady. A thousand crinkles creased her face and the skin on her tiny hands was like tissue paper, so thin that the network of veins shone bluely through. But her eyes were the color of a smooth grey stone and smiling at Sarah; her small head, with its thin, knotted-back white hair, moved in quick motions, the way a sparrow's does.

All at once, the green bird spoke clear words, like a person. "Hello-there, hello-there!"

"The parrot's name is Frank," Mrs. Hackett told her, whispering-like.

"He is a parrot?" Sarah asked.

Mrs. Hackett nodded. "And he must like you. He talks only to people he likes. Frank was a gift from Mr. Hackett, when we were first married. Frank is getting old, too," she added, smiling gently.

"Hello there, Frank," Sarah said to the wise button eyes. She put a finger between the wires and tentatively smoothed the red feather in the parrot's curving leaf-green tail.

"Oh, careful, dear," Mrs. Hackett said, but the bird made a strange, throaty noise, as if he were imitating a kitten's purr, and Mrs. Hackett said, "Well, for goodness' sake!"

"What's your name, child?" she asked Sarah after a moment.

"Sarah."

"Why that's my name too! Myself, I always liked it; a nice, old-fashioned name for a little girl. Well, stand up, Sarah, and let me look at your knee." Sarah hesitated, sitting on the grass near Frank's cage. "Well, come, come, I won't bite you."

Sarah stood up. "Are you a witch?" she asked shyly.

Mrs. Hackett laughed a merry little gasping laugh, as though Sarah had said something very funny indeed. "No," she whispered. "To the best of my knowledge, I am not a witch. Now raise up that knee."

Sarah held onto the chair arm and lifted up her hurt knee. Mrs. Hackett bent forward, carefully, as if she might snap in two, and examined the cut. Then she rummaged about in a little basket hanging on the side of her chair and brought out a clean handkerchief and a small bottle of pale-green liquid that smelled sweet when she took off the cap.

"The alcohol in this will clean you up a bit," Mrs. Hackett dabbed at Sarah's knee. "Your mama will fix it better when you go home."

The green liquid made Sarah's eyes water. But she bit on her lower lip and didn't make a sound. Mrs. Hackett tucked the handkerchief and bottle back into the little basket.

"Where do you live, Sarah?" Mrs. Hackett's whispery voice had a soft, loving sound, like her mother's.

Sarah leaned with a small sigh against Mrs. Hackett's bony knees. "Across the street," she said. "My mother says we mustn't play near your house."

"Now that's ber doing," Mrs. Hackett spoke almost crossly, waving her tiny

transparent-skinned hand back toward the house. "I'd like to have you play here, Sarah, and visit with me."

Sarah looked into the grey eyes in the very old face. "Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel are hiding," she said loudly. "I can't find them. Edward says I can't run fast and don't know good hiding places!" The tears spilled over again and she pressed her head down in Mrs. Hackett's lap, against the woolly knitted blanket.

"There, there," Mrs. Hackett's hands were soft and smooth as old silk brushing the wisps of hair back from Sarah's hot forehead. "Never mind, Sarah. Nobody wants to play with me either. They say I'm too old," and she chuckled as though she knew a secret. "You can come play with Frank and me any time you want. There, there, now." Her fingers were like cool feathers about Sarah's ears and neck, soothing.

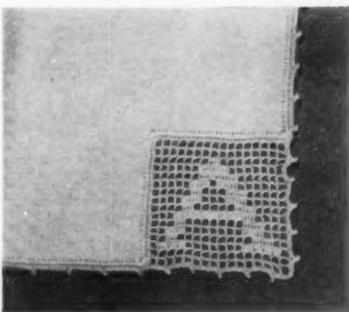
Then, "I know!" Mrs. Hackett said, sounding pleased. "We'll have lemonade and cookies. Would you like that?"

Sarah lifted her head and nodded timidly, smiling through her vanishing tears. Mrs. Hackett took a little silver bell from her basket and set up a lovely tinkling across the yard. In a moment a woman came out of the house, a woman in a black dress buttoned high about her neck, who looked, when she saw Sarah, as though she were angry about something. Sarah edged around the side of Mrs. Hackett's chair, suddenly wishing she could scrooch down very small inside her playsuit.

"We would like some lemonade, please, Miss Pennypacker," Mrs. Hackett said to the woman, moving her small head like an excited sparrow. "And some cookies, if we have them. We'll have a little party this afternoon, my young guest, and I."

"Mrs. Hackett, do you think it's wise to encourage—" the woman in black began.

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"Yes, Miss Pennypacker, I do," Mrs. Hackett said pleasantly.

Miss Pennypacker closed her lips together tightly. Her mouth reminded Sarah of the top of her mother's beaded evening purse, that you pulled shut into little puckers with two silk ribbons. Without another word, Miss Pennypacker marched off into the house, her shoulders high and stiff beneath the black silk.

Sarah sat down again, took off her sandals and shook out the pebbles. She rubbed her feet on the dry scratchy grass. From his cage, Frank blinked out at her, wise and sleepy-looking.

Then, her mouth still drawn into puckers, Miss Pennypacker was back. She carried a pitcher with ice chinking inside it and two little cups and a plate of chocolate cookies on a small round tray. With a bang she snapped up the shelf attached beneath the arm of Mrs. Hackett's chair, put down the tray, poured the lemonade and strode back into the house.

Mrs. Hackett handed down a cup to Sarah. Faintly now to Sarah's ears came cries of "My gools! My gools!" She sipped her lemonade and fed part of her cookie to Frank, who accepted it solemnly in his nut-yellow beak. "My gools!" She stretched her legs out facing Mrs. Hackett and wriggled her toes in the warm air, contentedly. She watched a pale golden cloud move slowly across the clear sky.

Mrs. Hackett was not drinking her lemonade. She held her cup in both of her fragile veined hands, and looked still at the doorway through which Miss Pennypacker had disappeared.

"It's strange," Mrs. Hackett whispered to the air in front of her. "They seem angry when I want to do anything but wait, simply wait—"

"Allee - allee - in - free!" The gleeful shouts rang across the high hedge, faintly. Sarah knew how they—Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel—would be jumping about the telephone pole. "Soon," she told Mrs. Hackett passionately, "I'm going to be bigger than Edward. I'll run faster than any of them!"

Mrs. Hackett smiled her face into a thousand crinkles, looking down at her. "Of course you will. Just wait. A little while. The time goes quickly. My hair was yellow, once, too, like yours," she added.

Softly, then, in a sleepy, hiccuping kind of voice, Frank began to sing a song Sarah had never heard before. Mrs. Hackett chuckled. "Do you know, Sarah, that song was in fashion when Frank was just a baby bird. All these years he's never learned another tune."

Sarah put her cup on the grass and pressed her cheek against the cage. "Pretty Frank," she crooned, smoothing the red feather in the green sweeping tail. "Pretty, pretty Frank."

"My dear old Frank," Mrs. Hackett murmured down to the bird, who fluttered his wings a little, as if he knew she was talking to him. "I wonder what will happen to you when I go away."

"Go away?" Sarah asked.

"Why, yes—to heaven, Sarah," Mrs. Hackett smiled.

"Are you going to heaven?" Sarah jumped up and came and leaned her elbows on Mrs. Hackett's lap. Her mother had explained to her about

heaven. "When will you go?"

"Soon, I hope, Sarah. Very soon."

"Why do you want to?" she asked.

"Why? Because my friends are there. And Mr. Hackett."

"Oh."

Suddenly Mrs. Hackett's grey eyes blinked very fast. "Sarah!" she exclaimed. "Would you like to have Frank for your parrot when I've gone to heaven?"

"Oh yes!" Sarah breathed. "Oh yes."

"He likes you; he never talks or sings for her," Mrs. Hackett's sparrow head bobbed toward the doorway. "There's no one who wants him, you see, no one. No one who'd love him as I have. But now," she patted Sarah's round brown arms with her cool fingers, "Frank will belong to you. He'll be your bequest!"

"What's the bequest?" Sarah asked.

"When you go to heaven, you give the things you love to someone you love. That's a bequest."

Sarah knelt down and folded her arms about Frank's cage. "My bequest," she said happily. "My bequest!"

"Supper time, Mrs. Hackett." Miss Pennypacker spoke in an icicle-sharp voice. She stood behind Mrs. Hackett's chair, seeming to have appeared from nowhere. She put the round tray on Mrs. Hackett's knees to hold while she snapped down the shelf.

Sarah looked up warily, afraid, but Mrs. Hackett half closed her eyes and said in a loving, secret way, "Remember, Sarah. Very soon—"

Swiftly Sarah stood on tiptoe. She whispered into Mrs. Hackett's ear, so that Miss Pennypacker could not hear. "I love you, Mrs. Hackett!" She turned and ran out of the yard, back beneath the old apple trees with her sandals sending up puffs of dust, back along the high green hedge.

Her father, home from work, was getting out of his car in front of their house. He swung Sarah up in his arms, but before she had time to say a word, Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel came pounding around from the back of the house.

"Here's the old pest!" Edward said when he saw Sarah. "Where you been? We've been back for hours. Never can find us, can you?"

"That will be enough of that, Edward," her father said. He started toward the house.

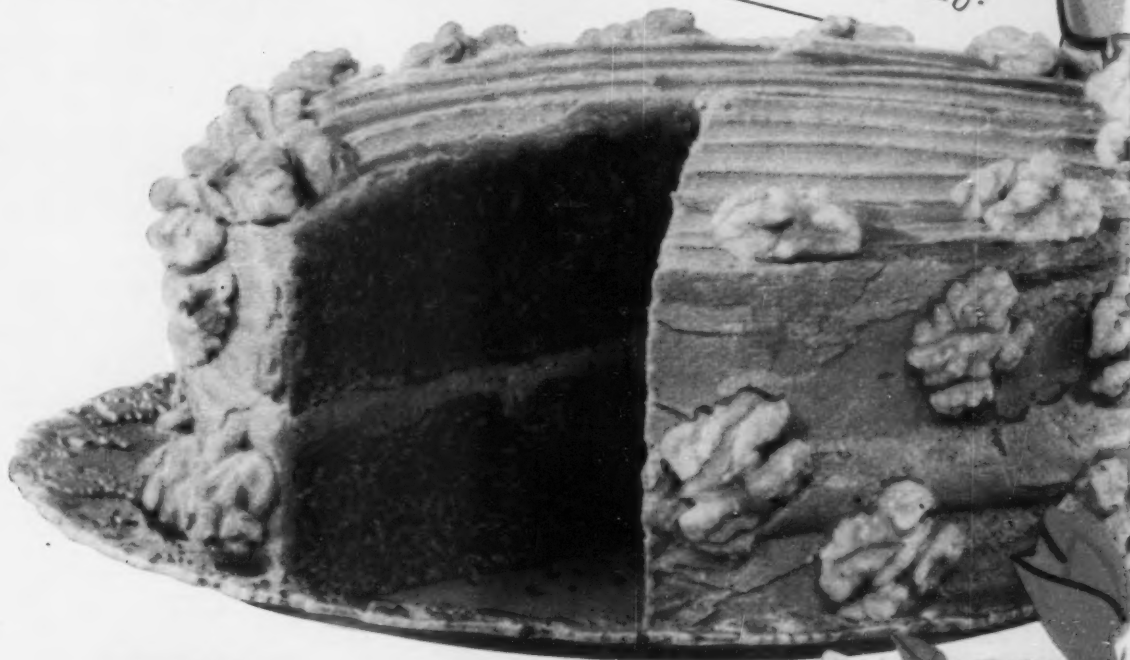
Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel spaced themselves out on the front lawn. They began to toss Edward's big white softball to one another. Sarah stood in the shady circle under the maple tree and watched them for a moment. Then Edward groaned. "Well, I suppose you want to play with us, don't you, old pest?" he asked her. "Oh, come on then."

For a reason she couldn't have explained, Sarah gave a shout of laughter. Edward and Mary-Lou and Samuel stared at her, but she didn't care. Laughing, she ran after her father, took his hand, went dancing beside him into the house.

She was fairly bursting with all she had to tell him and her mother; about the parrot—her bequest—so very old and beautifully bright and the queer song he sang; about Mr. Hackett in heaven; about Mrs. Hackett who wasn't a witch at all and the quiet green world behind the hedge that would never hold fear for her any more. She had so much to tell them. ♦

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MINTY MOCHA CAKE

2½ cups sifted pastry
flour

or 2½ cups sifted all-
purpose flour

3 teaspoons Magic
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1 teaspoon salt

¾ cup shortening

1½ cups white sugar

4 eggs

4 ounces (4 squares)
unsweetened chocolate

1½ cups milk

½ teaspoon vanilla

⅛ teaspoon peppermint
flavouring


Grease two 9-inch or three 8-inch round layer-cake pans. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together twice. Cream shortening; gradually blend in sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition; melt and add chocolate. Combine milk, vanilla and peppermint flavouring. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk, combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 30 to 35 minutes. Put cold cakes together with choice of filling and frost. Decorate with walnut halves.

MOCHA FROSTING—Cream ¼ cup butter. Sift together 2½ cups confectioner's sugar and 2 tablespoons cocoa; gradually add to butter, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons freshly made coffee to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains salt. Mix well. If desired, a few drops of peppermint may be added to provide a mint flavour to the frosting.

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

August

New short-cut salad plates (look for the recipes on pages 20 to 22) add zest and freshness to hot-weather menus

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
MON 1	Orange Juice Corn Flakes Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Hamburg Patties Tomato Sauce Fried Potatoes Cabbage Snow Pudding Milk Tea	Supper Salad Plate (10 min.) *	SAT 20	Lemonade Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Fresh Spinach Toast Blueberries With Cream Milk Tea	Lamb Patties Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce Young Carrots Apple Dumplings
TUE 2	Mixed Vegetable Juice Oven-toasted Rice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Chicken Soup Crackers and Cheese Raspberries Sugar Cookies Milk Tea	Braised Brisket Baby Carrots Spinach Boiled Potatoes Lemon Pie Tea Coffee	SUN 21	Grape Juice Fried Eggs and Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Chilled Consommé Cottage Cheese Salad Devil's Food Cake Milk Tea	Prime Rib Beef Roast Oven-browned Potatoes Green Beans Turnip Stewed Apricots Tea Coffee
WED 3	Fortified Apple Juice Whole-wheat Flakes Toast Coffee	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes with Parsley Sauce Bread Sticks Butterscotch Pudding Milk Tea	Loin Pork Chops Fresh Beets Cabbage Wedges Stewed Rhubarb Tea Coffee	MON 22	Tomato Juice Puffed Corn Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Cabbage Slaw Orange Halves Date Cookies Milk Tea	Cold Roast Beef Lettuce Wedges Russian Dressing Potato Patties Lime Whip
THU 4	Sliced Oranges Raisin Bran Flakes Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Raw Relishes Rice Pudding Milk Tea	Jellied Brisket Country-fried Potatoes Lettuce Slaw Spiced Peas Chocolate Snaps	TUE 23	Grapefruit Halves Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Fresh Lima Bean Casserole French Bread Devil's Food (leftover) Milk Tea	Neptune Salad (15 min.) *
FRI 5	Limeade Puffed Corn Toasted Scones Coffee Cheese Cocoa	Mushroom Omelet Tossed Salad French Bread Pineapple Slices Milk Tea	Chilled Salmon Broccoli with Lemon Sauce Duchess Potatoes Apricot Gingerbread Tea Coffee	WED 24	Pineapple Juice Griddle Cakes Sirup Coffee Berries Cocoa	Sliced Egg Sandwiches Spinach-Carrot Salad Chelsea Buns Milk Tea	Beef Stew with Vegetables Maple Rennet Dessert Tea Coffee
SAT 6	Blueberries and Cream Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Vegetable Plate (cabbage, green and yellow beans, carrots) Baked Apples Milk Tea	Picnic Supper (hot dogs, hamburgs, relishes, tomatoes) Ice-cream Cones Tea Coffee	THU 25	Orange Juice Shredded Wheat Biscuits Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Jellied Tongue Fried Potatoes Summer Squash Sliced Peaches Milk Tea	Baked Cottage Roll Candied Sweet Potatoes Wax Beans Broccoli Baked Custard Tea Coffee
SUN 7	Grapefruit Halves Scrambled Eggs Toasted Danish Pastry Coffee	Heat-wave Fruit Plate (12 min.) *	Roast Leg of Pork Brussels Sprouts Summer Squash Baked Potatoes Blueberry Shortcake	FRI 26	Limeade Raisin Bran Flakes Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Clam Chowder Crackers Blue Cheese Watermelon Milk Tea	Tuna Casserole Potato Chips Carrot, Celery Sticks Butter Tarts with Ice Cream
MON 8	Tomato Juice Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cold Roast Pork Sandwiches Radish Celery Toss Light Cake Milk Tea	Veal Cutlets Diced Turnips Buttered Spinach Boiled Potatoes Quick Pudding	SAT 27	Prune Juice Corn Flakes Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Grilled Cottage Roll Fresh Tomatoes Brussels Sprouts Apple Pandowdy Milk Tea	Father takes the family to a restaurant and the beach!
TUE 9	Stewed Prunes Puffed Rice Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Cream of Onion Soup Toast Fruit Cup Hermits Milk Tea	Pork Curry Rice and Vegetables Cantaloupe Tea Coffee	SUN 28	Oranges Oatmeal Porridge Toasted Raisin Buns Coffee Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Hot Cheese Biscuits Fresh Fruit Parfait Milk Tea	Broiled Steaks Fried Rice Green Pepper Salad Ginger Pear Pie Tea Coffee
WED 10	Grapefruit Juice Shredded Wheat Biscuits Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Golden Waffles Maple Sirup Orange Whip Milk Tea	Minute Steaks Green Peas Carrots Mashed Potatoes Plum Crisp Tea Coffee	MON 29	Fortified Apple Juice Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Super Salad Bowl (5 min.) *	Lamb Chops with Onion-Raisin Stuffing Mixed Fresh Vegetables Apricot Snow Tea Coffee
THU 11	Tangerine Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Fresh Peaches Milk Tea	Mixed Grill Sautéed Parsnips Cottage Pudding Brown-sugar Sauce Tea Coffee	TUE 30	Grapefruit Juice Puffed Wheat Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Creamed Cauliflower on Toast Pear Compôte Milk Tea	Fried Chicken Sweet Potatoes Fried Onion Rings Green Beans Vanilla Wafer Dessert
FRI 12	Prune Juice Bran Cereal Toasted Chelsea Buns Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Endive Salad Whole-wheat Muffins Swiss Cheese Milk Tea	Broiled Fish Steaks Rice and Green Pepper Broiled Tomatoes Fresh Fruit Tea Coffee	WED 31	Mixed Vegetable Juice Bran Flakes Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Shrimp Salad Hot Tea Biscuits Fresh Peach Pie Milk Tea	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Tossed Salad French Dressing Cheesecake Tea Coffee
SAT 13	Pineapple Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Meat Salad Plate (8 min.) *	Boston Baked Beans Bacon Carrot, Celery Sticks Apple Tapioca Tea Coffee				
SUN 14	Citrus Fruit Cup Pancakes Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Fried Shrimps in Rice Nests Horseradish Sauce Lettuce Salad Blackberries Milk Tea	Cold Roast Chicken Frenched Green Beans Whipped Potatoes Tomato Wedges Peach Melba				
MON 15	Mixed Vegetable Juice Corn Flakes Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Chicken Salad in Lettuce Cups Hot Rolls Banana Pie Milk Tea	Swiss Steak with Vegetables Hot Fudge Sundae Tea Coffee				
TUE 16	Sliced Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup Cinnamon Toast Plums Milk Tea	Braised Veal Chops Carrot Coins Broccoli Mashed Potatoes Angel Cake Tea Coffee				
WED 17	Grapefruit Juice Raisin Bran Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Jellied Fruit Salad Blueberry Muffins Milk Tea	Liver Loaf and Bacon Sautéed Eggplant Frozen Peas Pear Crisp Tea Coffee				
THU 18	Stewed Prunes Whole-wheat Flakes Toasted Blueberry Muffins Coffee	Barley Soup Heated Rye Loaf with Herb Butter Angel Cake Trifle Milk Tea	Cold Cuts Potato Salad Assorted Raw Relishes Fruit Tarts Tea Coffee				
FRI 19	Fortified Apple Juice Rice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Vegetable Patch Salad (11 min.) *	French Fried Fish Sticks French Fried Potatoes Harvard Beets Prune-Plum Pie Tea Coffee				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

LIME FRUIT SODA

1 teaspoon lime-flavored, soft-drink powder
1½ to 2 tablespoons sugar

Dissolve soft-drink powder and sugar in a small amount of soda water in a tall glass. Add crushed fruit (peaches, berries, pineapple, etc.) and stir well. Fill glass half full with soda water, add ice cream, stir once and then fill to the brim with soda water. Add straws, a tall spoon,

¼ cup crushed fresh fruit
1 large scoop vanilla ice cream
Ice-cold soda water

and serve at once with mint-frosted chocolate cake, for a refreshing summer cooler.
Try other flavors with fruit in season for variety throughout the summer.

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*Recipe appears on pages 20 and 21



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I WAS A PINAFORE PIONEER

Continued from page 16

by the horizon—but at that time (fresh from the gentle beauty of the English Midlands), we found their sweeping loneliness rather appalling. Upon Father's return to us and after the necessary preliminaries were accomplished we pulled up our tent pegs, packed everything, including the pigs and chickens, into the wagon and started off for our new home.

I wonder if among the many who in those days started off in like manner across the literally trackless prairie it would have been possible to find another group more manifestly unfitted to cope with the wilderness, to make "the desert blossom like the rose," to endure the inevitable hardships of pioneering on a prairie farm? I do not think so. There was Father, thin-faced, still wearing his city pallor and revealing every mark of the novice in his dealings with the oxen. Then Mother, tiny, frail, and very delicate, and we four children. I was the eldest, a thin but wiry child of fairly good health and a precocious mind. The other children were tiny, delicate creatures seemingly as unsuited to endure the hardships confronting them as an orchid is to flourish out-of-doors during one of our Canadian winters.

Nevertheless where other sturdier children succumbed to the privations of those early pioneer years, we all survived. Now, seventy-two years later, four of that group are still alive in western Canada, happy, healthy and moderately prosperous.

A good deal of our shipboard luggage was delayed somewhere en route but even so our prairie schooner carried quite a cargo of boxes and barrels. Polly, the cow, theoretically our milk and butter supply, was tied behind, and Robin and Bruce, our awkward half-trained oxen, most unwillingly pulled us along over the hummocks by a series of bumps and jerks. There was, of course, no vestige of a trail or road anywhere. Driving a yoke of oxen being a quite new experience to Father, he, in spite of a stout stick and numerous "Haws" and "Gees," found it very difficult to make ours go where he wanted them to. However, with the help of a compass, for direction, we did in the early evening manage to get to within about three miles of our destination. Then the oxen ran us into a bog close to a large slough and as they firmly refused to pull us out, there we had to spend the night with the wagon wheels deeply imbedded in the mud. It was a case of making the best of a bad job, so the oxen were unyoked, the pigs—which I would never recommend as traveling companions at close quarters—were unloaded box and all, and with a spartan meal of captain's biscuit and slough water all round, we curled ourselves up wherever we could and fell asleep—at least I know that I did—and in spite of the hard bed and unending frog serenade slept soundly.

One of my clearest memories of all this strange time is of waking up the next morning to the delicious smell of coffee, the flash of sunlight on the water nearby, and the delightful newness and strangeness of everything—this seemed more like the sort of thing which I had

been expecting in this new land.

It seems strange now in the light of many years' residence in this country to remember that we were then a little uncertain about wild animals and snakes and that it was thought best, safest, for Mother and baby sister to stay in the wagon. Strange also to remember that our equipment included two revolvers, a gun and a bowie knife for emergencies—Indians, for instance.

Breakfast having been completed Father had to go in search of the oxen which, having been hobbled by an amateur, had strayed some considerable distance. During his absence we youngsters enjoyed small excursions around the budding willow bushes and found, to our great delight, our first Canadian wild flowers: blue violets and shining yellow buttercups.

Soon we started again and in the middle of the afternoon we came to a large and particularly lovely slough, almost surrounded by willows. Father stopped the oxen and told us that this beauty spot was ours, was on our homestead. How glad we were to stop here, to unload our belongings and pitch our tent.

Some weeks later we found out that we were still half a mile away from our land, and we had to move and leave this charming lakelet behind us. But by this time we had begun to learn something of the habits of the mosquito, and were not sorry to move away from one of his favorite breeding places and strongholds. But alas, we could not move away from him. According to the poetic (?) utterance of one of our party, "These little monsters, on cruelty bent; they followed our steps wherever we went."

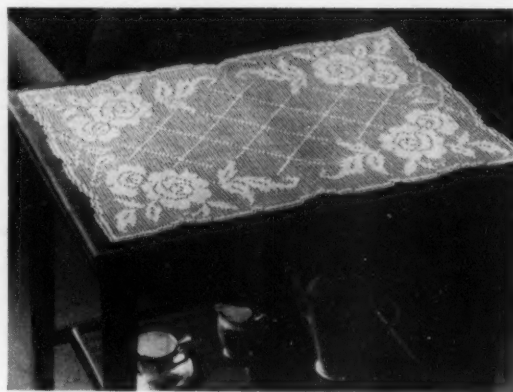
There was then and for some months thereafter, as far as the eye could see in every direction, no sign of man other than our tent and few belongings. It was easy to imagine oneself cast up upon the desert island of one's heart's desire. I, at least, should have been happy and as far as my memory serves me, I was.

Some distance to the north of us there ran a dark, smudgy line which Father told us meant trees, but one could hardly realize them at such a distance. South, east and west stretched rolling prairie, beautifully green, and dotted with shining ponds, or sloughs, but lonely enough in its horizon-reaching immensity to daunt any but the stoutest heart. Our stoutest heart, Father, whistled and sang cheerfully as he hammered the tent pegs in and unpacked our supplies. He seemed happy and confident as usual, but my grown-up mind would like to know what he really thought as he saw us all in that lonely spot and realized—as perhaps he had never done before—how utterly dependent we were upon him, and upon his good judgment in having brought us there. And Mother? But no, I do not want to know her thoughts. I fear that they must, at that time, have been very close to despair.

All the rest of that summer we lived contentedly enough in our tent. Father contrived an entry or porch over the front opening by using some pieces of board and the canvas top of our wagon. In this we were able to put some of our numerous boxes and barrels and also it gave our home a slightly two-room effect which Mother appreciated. She herself was able to do little for the first month or so but recline among rugs and pillows in the shade of the tent. It was a fine, dry summer which suited our style of living very well. Meanwhile Father was busy learning to manage the oxen and a hand plow. I think it was a battle in which the oxen had much the best of it, at first. Finally, though, Father found somewhere the necessary vocabulary for his needs, the oxen learned respect and the honors of war were with him. By the middle of July several acres were broken—roughly—as a beginning of the required homesteader's duties, and the next thing was to concentrate upon the problem of housebuilding for we had read of the severity of Canadian winters and knew that we could not face one in a tent.

Father planned to build the house of

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logs from the nearby woods or bluffs as they were called—indeed we had no choice but to make the most of natural resources, as by this time so much of our emergency money had been left behind in Winnipeg.

And now came an end of my own long days of dreaming and playing about with the other children and supposedly helping Mother. I was promoted to the proud position of Father's chore boy and general helper.

Now came busy days spent in cutting and hauling logs. Father and I learned to manipulate a crosscut saw rather well together. Since there were some quite large trees in the bluffs in those days, it seems rather like a miracle that such rank amateurs were not seriously hurt by the falling trees. Here, of course, Father's good store of theoretical knowledge became of value. I also found out how to manage a small axe rather well and to do a good deal of trimming, and since the sensible habit of overall pants for girls had not then been heard of I tore my petticoats and stockings to ribbons.

Loading those heavy logs on the wagon without another man's help was Father's greatest problem but he managed it by using a system of levers and a great deal of ingenuity. He did strain himself badly, however, while building the log walls of the cabin and was quite ill for some time. Eventually, though, the log walls were built up and ready for roof, doors, and windows but then we were at a standstill as Father did not know how to make these things out of the raw timber and had no money to buy lumber for them.

Father made the thirty-mile return journey to Regina on foot several times that summer, finding it better to travel in that way than to bounce over the hummocks with the oxen. He carried our few necessities back on his shoulders and also brought us that for which Mother so hungered—the English mail.

At this time the one great problem which affected the whole family was that of getting enough to eat. The provisions bought in Winnipeg were our standby for some time but quite early in the summer we came to just tea, sugar, flour, oatmeal and mess pork—a most suitable name for it, by the way, as it did not keep well, but became exceedingly rank and unpalatable. Good bread was a luxury that we had forgotten all about. Father did his best with it, but either our yeast was poor stuff or the proper method was not employed for the resulting loaves were always heavy—but how heavy!—and sometimes even soggy as well. Baking-powder bread was better, bannock we called it, and when sweetened it was our version of cake. We had neither butter nor jam and so had to eat our most unappetizing bread dry, but Father hit upon the capital plan of shaping the dough into all manner of interesting things; for instance, little men, animals, fish, plaits, true lover's-knots, tiny cottage loaves, anything and everything, and it was quite remarkable how very much better it tasted.

For very special occasions, Sunday for instance, we had a wonderful homemade honey. This was composed of a very sweet flour gruel, strongly flavored with allspice. How we should elevate our particular noses at it now, and at the pies filled with chopped mess pork,

strongly flavored and deodorized by means of plenty of sage and summer savory, but we were always hungry then and so it all did well enough and helped to partly fill an aching void.

Yes, we were always hungry. There was never quite enough to eat. When I remember the strange leaves and berries with which we children filled our craving little tummies, I am more sure than ever that there is a Providence that looks after bairns! We were particularly fond of wild-strawberry leaves

and ate them in large quantities, also the fruit of the silverberry bush, the prairie plum and at least two other berries which I have since learned to consider poisonous.

In spite, however, of these strange, and hazardous, additions to our inadequate diet we grew and thrived, even the delicate baby sister, Annie, who might have been expected to suffer from lack of that milk which our fraud of a cow, Polly, still steadfastly refused to give us. Mother also improved almost

unbelievably in both health and spirits. During the first weeks of our prairie life she could do little but rest outside where she could keep her eyes upon the children at play, but presently she grew able to look after our simple house-keeping and cooking operations and before the end of the summer she developed pink cheeks and a merry laugh and sometimes joined us in our games. Altogether we were a very good advertisement for prairie air, for we had any amount of that both day and night and



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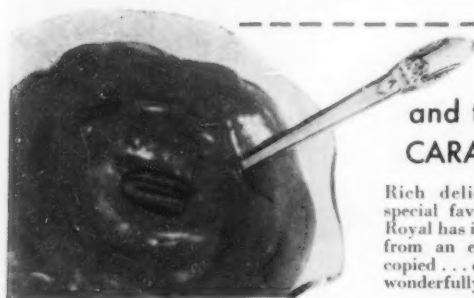
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it seemed to make up for whatever else we lacked.

Other memories of that tent summer, which crowd upon me as I write, are of the lovely prairie flowers scattered so liberally throughout the tall prairie grass, especially of the glorious tiger lilies which in the month of July seemed to be literally everywhere. There were a great number of dragonflies that summer. They floated about in small swarms and were very lovely to see with the sun glinting upon their iridescent wings. We youngsters were a little afraid of them at first as their long tail ends looked so very well able to sting. I never remember seeing so many or such large ones, since.

Then we came a little into touch with our neighbors and thereby hangs a tale of an early afternoon of a particularly fine Sunday. (Oh, yes, we knew when Sunday came though we had no calendar, and kept it too in a more or less orthodox manner.) This particular Sunday Father suggested to Mother that they walk over to pay a visit to our neighbors to the northeast, the James Boles.

He had seen what was probably their shack in the distance one day when looking for our oxen, and did not think it very far away. Mother, who was very well just then, agreed to try. She had not seen another woman for three months and thought that it would be nice to meet Mrs. Bole and family. So off they went telling us to keep near the tent and to go in and fasten the flaps if anything alarmed us, which was not probable, though we had once seen two strange animals—probably coyotes—playing about at no great distance during one of Father's trips to Regina. We were to eat our supper as they would stay to tea, if asked, and walk home during the long summer evening.

Then they were gone and it felt very lonely, at first, without them. But soon we became absorbed in one of our make-believe games, then ate a picnic supper of sorts and began to look for their return. But they did not come; nothing came but a cool night wind and darkness and then the stars, so we went into the tent and presently to bed and to sleep.

Waking in next morning's bright sunshine I sat up and looked hopefully toward Mother's bed but she was not there! They had not come home last night while we slept, as we had expected! Then I was frightened and awakened the other children and we all dressed and went out into the sunshine and called, and called, and listened for an answer, again and again, but none came, and Baby Annie began to cry. Indeed I expect that we all did. After a while I went into the tent and lighted our camp stove and made the usual breakfast of porridge and as we were sitting eating it we heard a loud shout and someone calling our names. We rushed outside and there were Father and Mother just walking down a little hill in quite the opposite direction from the one in which they had started off. Oh, how glad we were to all be together again! The parents had been lost on the prairie all night!

They had left the Boles' place a little later than expected and it seemed to grow dark very quickly. Somehow in the half-light Father missed the way. Every hill and slough looked just like every other hill and slough, and soon

they had no idea where they were but they kept on and on, hoping to see the white of the tent, until very late.

Then they almost stumbled upon the beginning of another log cabin, just the first half dozen rounds of logs, and Father knew approximately where he was as he had passed this place on his trips to town. They were four or five miles away from our land and as Mother was quite exhausted, the night pitchy black, and as they had already narrowly escaped walking into the sloughs they thought it best to sit in an angle of the log walls until daylight.

By the middle of October it became quite evident that our cabin could not be ready for winter and a few bitterly cold mornings impressed upon Father the necessity of making some other arrangements for the family at once. So he and the oxen set off across the hummocks to see what solution to his problem might be found in the infant town of Regina.

Like most infants this town was growing up. It now boasted many more frame buildings than when we had arrived in early May. Building operations were still going on and Father obtained the promise of work until freeze-up. So he moved the family and its simple belongings into a small two-room shack on Scarth Street (somewhere in the block between South Railway Street and Eleventh Avenue) and there we settled down to our first Canadian winter.

We made no friends and few acquaintances during that first winter. Even we children did not find playmates among the many little ones. We tried to mix at first and I had some small personal success, but the ridicule accorded to our English clothes and accent and the extreme timidity of the younger members of the family soon made us keep pretty well to ourselves. It was in this little house and during that winter that Father began the desultory and spasmodic system of education which was the best that could be given us for some time to come.

Father rigged up a workbench in our bedroom and on his many off-work days made a few articles of furniture for us, notably some very nice easy chairs for Mother and himself. One day someone happened to come in who admired these and through him Father got orders to make others for one of the hotels at five dollars each. After that, we children spent many a happy afternoon sitting on our bunks and listening to one of his famous stories. Sometimes he, with Mother, organized spelling matches, two on a side, or taught us to work out problems in mental arithmetic.

We thought our running expenses quite high, for that day and age. Rent, ten dollars a month; fuel, by that I mean a load of wood, ten dollars a month; flour was five dollars a sack and other foods in proportion. Polly, the cow, was at length of some use to us, for we sold her to a butcher for what he considered her worth in meat for the winter. We had to pay five cents a pail for water and carry it from a nearby livery stable. Fortunately we all kept very well and had grown used to thinking of just a little as quite enough!

There was just one thing in which we were really rich—books, for we had quantities of them. When after tea the lamp was lighted and Father read some

delightful story to us we were just as happy as it is possible to be. By and by we kiddies were sent off to bed and then Father read grown-up books to Mother, but in that small ill-built place it was possible to lie in bed and listen, and we elder ones rarely slept until all the reading was over. It was that winter that I first heard Macbeth, As You Like It and some of the historical plays, and learned to like the works of William Shakespeare.

March brought warmer weather that year. Father was able to get a month's work which gave us a little money for supplies and some lumber, and as soon as he judged spring fairly arrived we moved out to our farm again.

The little tent had bravely held its own against the winter storms. We had to move into it again for a time while all helped to get the log house ready for occupation. Father had brought some dressed lumber from Regina and he and I busied ourselves with getting the roof on. Afterward he made the door and window frames and we children were set to chinking between the logs, filling any cracks and spaces with various-sized chips and then plastering them all over with mud.

The cabin boasted a large living room and a small bedroom. Two bunks on the wall of the latter served us four children and then Father made a wooden bedstead for Mother and himself. Mattresses filled with dry prairie grass were installed all round, and we felt that we were living in luxury after so many months of makeshifts. Later on the cabin, which was built in the side of a hill, was edged along the front with flower beds. I never remember our growing any flowers in them but the most interesting thing about them was that they were bordered with buffalo skulls which we had picked up here and there on the farm. There were two particularly fine ones on either side of the door, and on these Father and Mother used always to sit on Sunday evenings while we gathered about them to have a little Sunday talk and to sing hymns. Often we sat thus and sang for hours on a fine night until all the pink sunlight had faded out of the sky and the myriad stars were twinkling overhead.

There is scarcely a single line or well-known hymn in the old Ancient and Modern Hymn Book that I cannot remember singing out thus to the evening-lighted prairie. We always had to keep a good smudge burning to discourage the mosquitoes. As we were always very happy, God and His angels seemed very near at such times. It was easy to imagine in the shadows that lay between us and the stars kind faces and winglike outlines—a multitude of the heavenly host keeping watch by night.

In this second year of our prairie farm life we were inclined to take a more businesslike view of things in general. We became somewhat more realistic as Father saw that even the matter of survival would not be easy. As soon as the family was safely housed, Father set himself in earnest to the business of farming his land.

He harrowed his breaking by means of an ingenious set of homemade harrows, then proceeded to sow it by hand, scattering the wheat from a box hung about his neck by a strap, much after the manner seen in Bible pictures en-

titled, "Behold, the Sower went forth to sow."

The summer was dry and the resulting crop very light. In its season it was cut with a scythe, cradled, bound in sheaves, threshed—by means of a home-made flail—and winnowed, all by hand. There was plenty of work for all who were at all able to do it. No idle moments.

With this done and a small garden patch seeded, Father now turned his attention to putting up a log and sod stable for our few animals. We had now a new and excellent cow. Dear Beauty deserves a special word for she was a great comfort to us and helped to keep us all much better fed than the previous summer. I was the dairymaid and my duties included not only milking but also tethering Beauty where the grass was good, and moving her peg several times a day. A churn materialized from somewhere and I learned to make butter and buttermilk scones. Churning day was thus always feast day to us.

Next in the lists of musts for the animals came haymaking for winter needs. Here both my young brother, Harry, and I were able to be of help. Father made us strong, wooden-toothed rakes graded to our height and strength, then with his scythe cut the long grass in the adjacent sloughs. This we raked up into rows to dry and cure. Father also made a hayrack into which we loaded it and, with the help of the oxen, took it home and stacked it. There were three nice big stacks when we had finished.

I often found the raking very hot and tiring. The dinner hour seemed long in coming but it was never quite long enough when it arrived. How delightful it seemed to lie down and stretch your tired back, to crawl presently into the shade of a willow bush and eat your ambrosial bannock and drink your nectarlike cold tea. The evening ride home was very nice too with only the mosquitoes to mar one's perfect enjoyment.

This dry summer the sloughs dried up early and our dip holes began to follow their example. We saw that we must have a well if we were going to make a home there. So Father chose the side of a sandy hill near the cabin and began to dig there. After a while when the hole grew too deep for him to throw the dirt out, he rigged up a windlass and sent it up by means of a pail and rope. I had to be top man. Though Father did not fill the pails very full, yet with such an inefficient helper it was dangerous work for the man below. We were fortunate in obtaining a supply of good water at a depth of less than thirty feet and then at the very last, when we were not thinking of danger, a stone from the side of the well, almost at the top, slipped out and fell on Father's head. I heard a splash and called down but at first got no answer. Then Father's voice came rather slow and strange. He said that he was hurt and that I must go to the house and fetch Mother, but not frighten her in any way. When we got back he called to Mother that he was not able to climb out up the rope in the usual manner and that we should have to help him.

Father took the pail off the rope and tied it under his arms. Then Mother and

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I both went to the windlass. I shall never forget the anxiety of those next few minutes. "One turn of the windlass," said Father, "then stop and then another turn. Go slowly and don't be frightened." What a long time it seemed to take. Oh, what if the rope should break? Could we do it? Suppose the handle slipped? How heavy Father seemed. All these thoughts raced through my mind as we struggled there.

Then Father reached the top and at the last drew himself over the edge of the well to lie senseless there for a long time, and to faint twice again before Mother could get the dreadful cut in his head to stop bleeding. It was a long time before we could get him into the house and many days before he was quite himself again. If he had not been wearing a thick sealskin cap that day (the cap was cut through) it seems possible that Father's pioneering might have come to an abrupt end there and then.

One bright windy morning in early August, as Father and I came in from doing the chores, we noticed a great curling smoke cloud to the northwest of our farm. We had neighbors in that direction some miles distant and we wondered whether their home was on fire. It seemed only a few moments later that I saw a great tidal wave of fire approaching.

Of course we had heard of prairie fires and Father had made some sort of preparation for them by plowing a six-foot, or rather six-furrow, fireguard about the house and haystacks. But the grass was too long for that alone to save us, yet it was of great importance as it gave us a sort of safety zone behind which we might take our stand to fight the fire.

Father was very anxious about our wheat which was ripening fast and had no protection at all along the north side. Picking up an old sack Father rushed out to meet the enemy. I followed and received my first lesson in beating out a fire by driving it back upon itself. Father then tried to burn back but found it too late for that and we finally had to turn and run for dear life to the guard. When he saw how the flames swept along the north he called the rest of the home guard to his assistance and sent me, sack in hand, tearing across the strip of garden to keep the fire, if possible, from getting into the wheat. He had no choice in the matter, there was no one else but me, ten years old, to send.

My memory of just what followed has never been very clear. I know that I was very much afraid and cried as I ran to meet the fire. I can remember beating, beating with my sack, stumbling, choking and all the time crying, sometimes screaming, with my fear of being there all alone with the fire. Fortunately the wind was a good deal more west than north so that the fire swept down the side of the grain rather than leapt directly at it. Sometimes my sack caught fire and then I would stamp upon it and rub it in the dust of the field and then go at it again.

I thought the end of the field would never come but it did at last with a strip of furrows upon which I sank exhausted. Presently I sat up and took notice, my eyes throbbled and smarted, my face burned, the cotton laces of my boots had charred away and the boots themselves were somewhere in

the wheat, my stockings and legs were covered with little burns and the back of my hands burned in places. I sat still there for some little time watching the fire burn away into the distance leaving an "abomination of desolation" behind it, then started for home. I met Father coming to look for me with anxiety written all over his face. He told me that we had very narrowly escaped being burned out—and indeed when I remember the fierceness of the fire and the weakness of most of the fighters our escape seems to me like another of those little miracles which often came our way. Everyone was exhausted and Father and I were minus eyelashes and eyebrows for many a day.

The next outstanding event came on the seventh of September. It had been a very wet and stormy day and at night the wind grew almost cyclonic in its fury. I do not think that we children were at all nervous about storms in those happy days, for to the best of my recollection we went to bed and to sleep as usual. (You may remember that all the family occupied the one bedroom.)

Sometime in the night I awoke, which was unusual. Something had aroused me, some strange sound. There was noise enough of one sort and another, certainly, wind and thunder roaring, and rain pouring on the roof, but I felt that it was none of those sounds which had roused me. Then as I listened fearfully, the sound came again. I could not make it out. It was not unlike a puppy in trouble. But we had no dog. I opened my eyes and discovered that the lamp was lighted, that Father was standing beside the big bed, and that the noise seemed to come from something which he held in his arms. "Father," I called, "what is it? What are you doing?" Then came Father's answer in a voice which was not quite familiar, "You have a new little brother, May. If you cover your head right over with the blanket and go to sleep again you shall see him in the morning." Some of the others were waking now but we were all obedient children and drew the blankets up carefully.

There was one side of the little brother's arrival which meant nothing to me then, but oh, often since, sometimes on long nights of storm and loneliness before the birth of my own children, have I had pitying thoughts of my mother at that time. So fearful and delicate, accustomed usually upon such occasions to every comfort and help, and then to be there, at such a time, alone with Father in that awful storm.

In spite of it all Mother made a capital recovery and the little brother, Fred, grew and thrived. On the first morning after his birth Father brought him out of the bedroom and laid him in my arms. "This is to be your baby, May," he said, and indeed he was my joy and care for a good many years.

In writing of the happenings of that summer of 1884 I cannot help feeling that it was really a good summer for us all as a family.

We were gradually shedding the greenhorn husk, and growing more into the pattern of this country of our adoption. One symptom of this, I think, was a wish to live less to ourselves and a desire to meet and know our neighbors. The Boles and Bouldings lived within

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five or six miles of us and now to these were added the Flemings, Lauder brothers and Tom Smith at much the same distance, while farther away were the Stewarts and McEwans, in what was later called the Rose Plain District.

That summer we discovered Saskatoon berries and a very important discovery they were. After that we children made many berry-picking expeditions into the bluffs. We, my eight-year-old brother Harry and I, would start off merrily enough in the morning with our empty pails, but the mile-and-a-half walk home with those same pails full was quite another thing. We found it a long, long walk. What lovely berries we had in those days. They hung on the bushes like small purple grapes and were much less prone to blight than now, or so it seems to me. The gentle art of canning was unknown to us, but Mother made a little jam from some of them. Chiefly though we ate them fresh, morning, noon and night as long as they lasted, and what a treat they were to us.

One circumstance which brought us into closer contact with our neighbors was the weekly Sunday service which was, a little later in the summer, brought into being by my father and George Boulding. Both of these wise men took their responsibilities as heads of families quite seriously and so, since there was at that time no church nearer than Regina, began to make plans for their families, and those of the neighbors who were not too far away, to meet every Sunday to worship God together. They found several others ready to help, too.

George Boulding had by this time built himself quite a good-sized log cabin, and his wife and four children had arrived at last from the east, bringing among other things a parlor organ. So it was presently arranged that services should be held every Sunday at the Boulding home and that, since there was no ordained minister available, the four heads of families should take the services in turn, each using the method followed by his own particular denomination. Father with his Anglican prayer book conducted the first service and preached the first sermon; the other three, Messrs. Boulding, Bole and Fleming, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, following in order.

Mr. Boulding's eldest daughter usually played the organ for the hymn singing, and sometimes Mother would play. This plan worked out well for quite some time and now seems to me to have shown a real spirit of toleration and Christianity. Those Sundays were red-letter days to me, personally, representing as they did almost all the social life that we had.

As the autumn drew to its close and winter approached, Father saw that it would again be necessary for him to go to Regina and get work as we had no money at all to carry on with. Our wheat had given us only scant seed for next spring's use and we had stacked our small crop of oat sheaves near the stable for feed. At the beginning of November Father went away taking the oxen with him. He had decided to sell them to the butcher and use their price for our present needs.

It seemed to Father wiser to leave the family on the farm for a time at least while he was looking for continuous work and wages and a comfortable place

for us to move into; also Beauty and the pigs had to be considered. What should we do with them if we all went away?

Father felt that I was sufficiently able and experienced at almost eleven years of age to be, as he put it, "the man of the house" for a few weeks. He also made arrangements with our bachelor neighbor, Tom Smith, by which he was to come occasionally to see how we were getting along and to look after our wood supply, by far the most important consideration for our winter well-being. Then Father was gone and the prairie seemed larger and lonelier than ever; while Old Man Winter and the wolf, Hunger, settled themselves patiently at no great distance from the cabin, to bide their time.

Later our neighbor Tom Smith went to Regina with his team of shaggy little horses and came round our way on his return to bring us a cheerful letter from Father, some groceries and the first pair of overshoes that we had ever had. I don't know what size they were, but we all wore them, at times. So far things had gone pretty well with us but soon after that the weather took a turn for the worse, and we found out that a draughty log cabin cannot be warmed by an old tin camp stove. Then we had several very heavy snowstorms, the wind seemed never to be still, and blizzard after blizzard swept over the prairies. Winter was setting in, early and hard. A great deal of the chinking had come out of our walls, the snow drifted in between the logs and round the windows and, the temperature—except close to the stove—not being high enough to melt it, remained there until the storm was over, piling up into small drifts.

As bitter day followed bitter day, we looked out anxiously for Mr. Smith, but he did not come and soon our wood supply gave out. It became a question of whether we could even maintain the little circle of warmer atmosphere surrounding the stove. As man of the house it now became my duty to keep the home fire burning under great difficulties.

Our woodpile lay low on the side of a hill and was completely drifted over. I shall never forget the long process of digging and tossing snow, before even a single pole could be drawn out and sawed up. What a lot of secret tears I shed as I dug, pulled and panted, stopping sometimes to clap my freezing hands across my chest as I had seen the London cabbies do. Every day made matters worse, another two weeks crawled by and still we saw nothing of Mr. Smith—or of anyone else.

Our cabin was now almost buried in great drifts. Perhaps this kept some of the wind out, but it became very hard work for us children to flounder through the snow to stable and stacks to feed and water the cow and pigs. All the water that our poor Beauty got was one pail a day, melted for her on our poor little stove, where we also usually kept a pot of turnips boiling to help out with the poor animal's scanty meals.

Those turnips! I think that I should digress, here, to tell about them. They have always seemed to me like a special provision for our coming necessity, something in the nature of manna. Rather to our surprise, we had quite a good crop of them in the fall of that dry summer of 1884. Father dug a

Continued on page 43

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1. Sprinkle gelatin on cold water and let stand 5 minutes. Drain liquid from mixed vegetables, add enough boiling water to give 2 cups liquid. Add bouillon cubes, vinegar or lemon juice, salt. Simmer until bouillon cubes dissolve. 2. Add gelatin to consomme, stir until well dissolved. Pour into bowl and chill until partially set. 3. Mix drained vegetables in partially set gelatin. Oil individual molds or a one quart mold, decorate with egg slices and pour chilled vegetables carefully over the eggs. Place in refrigerator until set.

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I WAS A PINAFORE PIONEER

Continued from page 41

small root house, opening out of the cellar under our cabin, and stored them there. What a blessing they were to us! I never failed to milk Beauty once a day and in spite of food and water shortage, frozen teats, cold and discomfort, she never failed to give us plenty of milk. I really believe that, under Providence, she was the means of keeping us alive (with the turnips).

Our camp stove had developed a great crack in the oven, so that we could not bake bread but we usually had our daily porridge and milk. Besides the aforesaid turnips, we fed the cow and pigs from the oat stack near the stable, but it was desperate work pulling the sheaves out of the snowy stacks. With our hands scarcely protected by thin gloves, we would tug at them until we could bear the pain no longer, then tuck our freezing fingers under our armpits and jump up and down to bring life into our numbing feet. Necessity knows no law, however, and we must go at it again, often crying bitterly as we did so. Yes! Even the important "head of the house"!

The we, referred to here, means myself and brother Harry, three years younger, a delicate little fellow not at all able to endure such hardships. The sister who came between us was Mother's help in the house, also a frail little creature and growing more ethereal every day of these trying experiences.

Days passed and still the wind blew, and the snow drifted. At last I could no longer excavate any wood and here our lives were further prolonged by another of those strange things we like to call chance.

During the summer while Father and I were building the stable, Harry and Lily, following a law of imitation, built for themselves quite a nice little house of sod and poles on the top of a small hill. The snow had not completely covered this, and the poles were obtained without too much trouble. They were only about four feet long so that we could saw them up inside the cabin. They would provide us with firing for another two days—perhaps. After that, what? Well—it was good to be a child and only live a day at a time, for I do not remember asking myself that question; but Mother must have wondered sometimes, in despair.

With the first of those days came the worst blizzard of the season so far. It was impossible to leave the house at all during the day, but at about 11 p.m. the wind grew much less and the moon began to peep through the clouds. As the poor old cow had not seen us since the day before, Harry and I resolved to visit the stable then without waiting for daylight; so off we went, Harry carrying the milk pail and lantern and I with a pail of water and a pot of the famous turnips which had been simmering most of the day. Between the house and stable there was a tremendous drift, but we were accustomed to climbing it and to walking for some distance along the top before it sloped down again. This time we found it hard to climb as the steps that we had cut were covered with fresh snow, but once at

the top we started quickly off with our burdens.

Suddenly the bottom fell out of our world, the snow melted beneath our feet, down, down, we went and with us went lantern, water and turnips. After us came quantities of snow, so that we were almost buried as we lay in a miserable heap at the bottom of a sort of crevasse dug into the side of the drift by the wind during the day of blizzard. Well, we finally climbed out again and struggled into the cabin,

covered with ice and snow and with pieces of turnip frozen to our clothing.

Once more we busied ourselves with melting snow for Beauty, and I went out and prospected for the best way to get to the stable. Then at 2 a.m. we started off once more. This time we made the trip safely and got back with the milk. Then, to bed.

I seemed to have been asleep only minutes, when an unexpected sound awakened me. It sounded just as though someone was chopping wood. I sat up

and saw it was broad daylight and the sunshine was peeping through a crack in the frosted window panes. Soon we were all awake and listening. Yes! It was someone chopping wood just outside our cabin door! Of course our first thought was Father. I rushed to the door and opened it but it was not Father. Two men whom I had never seen before were busy with axe and saw. Already they had made quite a nice pile of cut firewood and, in spite of our disappointment, how happy it made us



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to see that wood, all ready for the fire. I lighted a fire in our poor old stove and Mother made some tea, and I porridge and biscuits of sorts, and presently our benefactors came in and had lunch.

It appeared that they were neighbors to the north of us, Frank Bole and William Lennox who, not seeing anything of Tom Smith for some days, called on him to see whether he was all right. They found him suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and hardly able to crawl about his shack, and in great anxiety about us. The two young men, therefore, extended their work of mercy, threw part of a load of wood on their sleigh and struggled over the drifts to us. It was quite late in the day when they arrived. There was no sign of life about the place, only the smokeless cabin sunk deeply into the drifts. Then they went to put their horses under cover, and finding the animals all right, concluded that we were still asleep and decided to cut some wood before arousing us.

At about five o'clock they started for their homes again, leaving us much richer by a fine pile of wood and greatly cheered by the brief contact with other human beings, in a world where we had almost begun to think of ourselves as alone.

With the anxiety over, firewood piled up, we—more particularly Mother—began to worry a great deal over Father. What could have become of him? It did not seem reasonable to suppose that if all was well with him, he would have left us so long without help, in such fearful weather. Therefore he must be ill or in trouble of some sort!

Each morning when we arose seemed a few degrees colder than the last. In

spite of our wood supply the house was never really comfortably warm even by day, and at night the frost king held all firmly in his terrible grip. The heavy grey blankets which were our bed covers were always snow-white with frost in the mornings, and the ordeal of creeping from under them and lighting the fire, something to be postponed as long as possible.

On one of these frosty mornings we woke to the realization that it was Christmas Day. It was quite hard to believe it though, with Father still away and the stockings—which we had hung up hopefully the night before—dangling limp and empty.

Mother had hidden away a few raisins and some sugar for Christmas and now she roused herself to concoct for us something in the nature of a Christmas pudding. I don't remember very much about it except that it was sweet and boiled in the ever-memorable turnip pot, and much enjoyed. After our pudding dinner we gathered closely about the stove and sang some Christmas hymns and carols and Mother read us the Christmas story. Then we talked about Father and we wondered, oh how we wondered, where he was and what he was doing. It was the first Christmas that Mother had spent without him since they were married, nearly twelve years ago; and though she had been very brave, even cheerful, throughout our ordeal, yet that evening as we sat talking I saw tears on her face.

It seems to me, in retrospect, that night was the coldest night of all. Mother could not keep warm at all and our tiny brother was so cold to the touch that we feared he might die. There seemed just one thing to do: the fire, such as it was, must be kept going night and day, since we had the wood

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to do it with. Next night Mother and the baby slept in one of the old camp beds drawn up close to the stove, and I undertook to stay up and be fireman for a few nights. Surely, surely, help must come by then.

This did make things a little better but, oh, how hard I found it to keep awake at night, and if I dozed off the house got cold so soon! I cowered closely over the stove and on the third night of this experiment fell forward upon it and burned my arm quite badly (indeed I still carry a slight scar).

On the day after this burn, on the twenty-eighth of December, the longed-for help *did* come in the shape of Tom Smith—still far from well—and a neighbor of his who had driven him over to see how we were getting along. He was quite shocked to see how ill Mother looked, and at other signs of suffering, and decided that since we now had wood to burn, our chief need was a better stove to burn it in. Nothing would do but we must change stoves with him. This he insisted upon. The man with Mr. Smith—a Mr. Hall—drove back to Smith's shack to get the stove which, though not much by modern standards, was very much better than our own. Stovepipes were taken down and put up again and presently these Good Samaritans left for home, taking our camp stove with them in the back of their sleigh, and leaving a monster fire in the Boston Parlor Cook Stove.

How delightful it was to sit round that magic stove, to feel real waves of heat coming from it to our chilled bodies; to get too warm on one side and then turn round and warm the other. We enjoyed a blissful twenty minutes or so and then sister Lily, who had gone into the bedroom for a moment, began to scream and came running back with ashen face. "Oh! Oh! The house is on fire," she cried, and sure enough the soot-laden pipes were red-hot at the bend and the part of the roof through which they passed, smoking and burning.

Mother applied first aid by means of Beauty's snow water, which was standing on the stove, but the pipes were still red, so I went outside, climbed to the roof and put snow down the pipe—snow, snow, and yet more snow, in a sort of panic, as much as the pipe would take. Finally I left it packed full and went inside, where everything was now more miserable than ever.

Inky water was dripping from the joints of the pipe. There seemed to be water everywhere. The fire, deprived of draught, smoldered, smoked and finally went out. Our last state was decidedly worse than our first. We made a feeble attempt to mop the water up, then crept miserably between our blankets and presently fell asleep.

Morning brought sunshine and courage, but piercing cold. The fire refusing to do much but smoke, I climbed once more to the roof and found the pipe still full of now hard-frozen snow, which I could not pry out. However, we had a soldering iron and a certain amount of ingenuity to fall back upon. Heating the iron by means of a small chip fire in the stove, I succeeded, after many trips to the roof and back—by means of the crossed logs at the corners of the cabin—in melting a small passage through the ice. I hoped that the warm smoke passing through it would melt the rest of it—which of course it did,

in time. The poor family within the cabin was almost "smoke-dried" during this operation.

About halfway through the process, while I was pressing the hot iron in and looking about me, I suddenly noticed a black, moving speck on the snowy expanse to the west. What could it be? Each time that I came up again, after reheating the iron, it seemed nearer, and I soon knew that it must be someone walking in our direction. Then quite suddenly, I *knew* that it was Father! I tumbled off the roof as fast as possible and rushed into the house shouting, "Father is coming. I can see him!"

Oh! What excitement! Father, who had a lift to within five miles of us the last night, had walked the rest of the way that morning. Again, tragedy had just brushed us with her sombre wings and passed us by. Suppose, oh, suppose, that our cabin *had* burned down, last evening, with Father only five miles away! Suppose—but, no, don't let us suppose any more. *It was Father.*

Father had frozen his feet, during the first week in December while working on the top of a windmill at forty below zero, and had been ill and crippled ever since. Father had been worrying and suffering too, and down his thin cheeks unfamiliar tears ran fast as we all tried to talk to him at once, and tell him our troubles.

I gladly relinquished my position as man of the house, as well as the somewhat stoical attitude which I had adopted of late, and laughed and cried, and chattered and rejoiced with the rest of the family.

Father had brought a pack with him. Presently he opened it and took out our bacon, cheese, biscuits and other little luxuries, also five carefully tied small packages, containing an overdue Christmas gift for each one of us. The experimental fire, which I had lighted while awaiting Father's final arrival, had burned, been replenished, and was burning merrily again; and in spite of a pyramid of sooty ice under the bend of the stovepipe and of chores which still had to be done, that twenty-ninth of December, 1884, was indeed a wonderful day.

It appeared that Father had to be back in Regina, ready to start work, on the second of January and had arranged for us to live there with him for the rest of the winter. Father asked Tom Smith to come the next morning and move the family and furniture into Regina and at about noon on December 31—a bitterly cold, but sunny and windless day—we started off on another adventure, for misfortune had not yet quite finished with us.

We had not gone very far when it became quite evident that neither Tom Smith nor his horses were fit for the task before them. The team either could not, or would not, pull our loaded sleigh through the drifts for any length of time. They kept lying down and it was increasingly difficult to get them up, and on. Eventually they were turned in a direction quite opposite from that in which we wanted to go, toward the house of our neighbor James Bole.

There were several sons in that family and a strong team. Tom Smith thought that they might be persuaded to take us on our way. We finally reached that home at about four o'clock in the after-

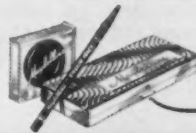


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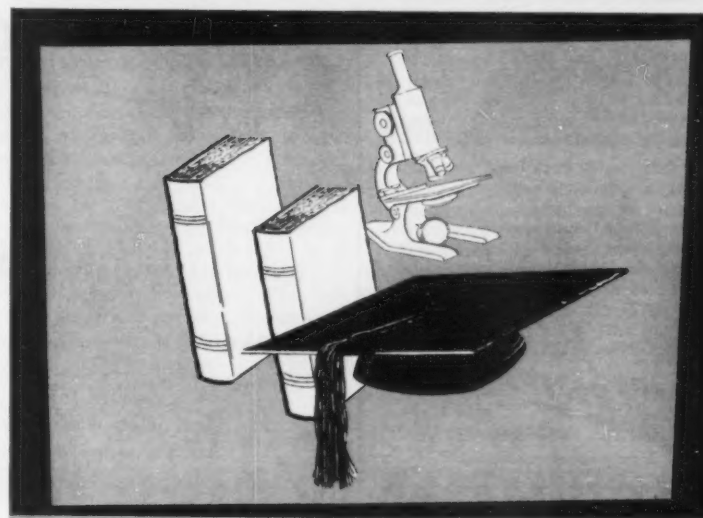
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noon, very cold and miserable. No one wanted to face the task of taking us on our way but a visitor, Mr. Lennox (one of our Good Samaritan wood choppers), was finally persuaded by a substantial financial argument, and perhaps goodheartedness, to take us to Regina with his ox team.

Mr. Lennox and Father made us as comfortable as possible. The bottom of the sleigh box was lined with a little hay upon which a mattress was placed. We four elder children, with blankets about us, sat on this under the table over which father had thrown other rugs and blankets. Someone lent Mother a buffalo coat, and baby brother, warmly wrapped, was buttoned up inside. She sat on a chair with a hot stone at her feet. The rest of our household belongings were packed around us and Mr. Lennox and Father walked along beside the sleigh.

It was a cold, cold night. Rarely indeed does the temperature go as low in this latitude as it did then. We heard afterward that it had fallen to more than sixty below zero. There was not a breath of wind and the sky was clear and sprinkled with stars. A cold, bright moon looked down dispassionately upon our sufferings—for in spite of all Father's efforts, we did suffer. The cold soon bit through our unsuitable wrappings to our little undernourished bodies. First one whimpered and then another. Soon all were crying.

Then Father came aboard. "Here,"

he cried, "stop it! I thought you were brave children. Keep covered up and get closer together and sing. May, keep them singing in there. Now then, all together—sing!" Father started a lively chorus in which we all joined perforce, albeit a bit waveringly. "That's better," Father said. "Keep lively and you will keep warm and don't go to sleep till we get to Regina. Don't stop—sing!"

So, we sang—sang, as it seemed, for miles. Hymns, songs, Negro melodies, nursery rhymes, anything and everything. Sometimes there would be a partial breakdown, then Father would come and urge us on again. "Keep it up, sing everything over again, May. Don't let the little ones go to sleep!" So we sang; with the tears half freezing on our cheeks, with our voices trembling and our toes and fingers stinging with the biting cold; and the good oxen plodded steadily on, over the hardening drifts, and at long last they drew up in front of a little store, in Regina, where preparations had been made to receive us. We arrived at one o'clock in the early morning of New Year's Day, 1885.

With one exception—Mother developed inflammatory rheumatism and was ill in bed for six weeks—none of the rest of us suffered any serious after-effects from our prolonged battle with Old King Winter.

I have often thought since, though, that we narrowly escaped furnishing one more pioneer tragedy. +



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When you shop you will see the Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval on many household products. It may be printed on a package of food or cleaning aid. You can expect to find it on a tag attached to electrical appliances and kitchen tools. You will see it in store windows and in your favorite advertisements. You will hear about it on radio and see it on TV.

Wherever the seal is used or mentioned in connection with a product, you are assured of fine quality and performance. Before being awarded the seal, any household product must pass rigid tests by Chatelaine Institute.

These tests include a thorough practical examination, with each item used as it would be in your home. Directions are carefully studied to be sure they are accurate and easy to follow. Then for further proof of quality and performance, technical experts are consulted and the service of their research departments employed for intensive laboratory tests.

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Bonnie's GAY

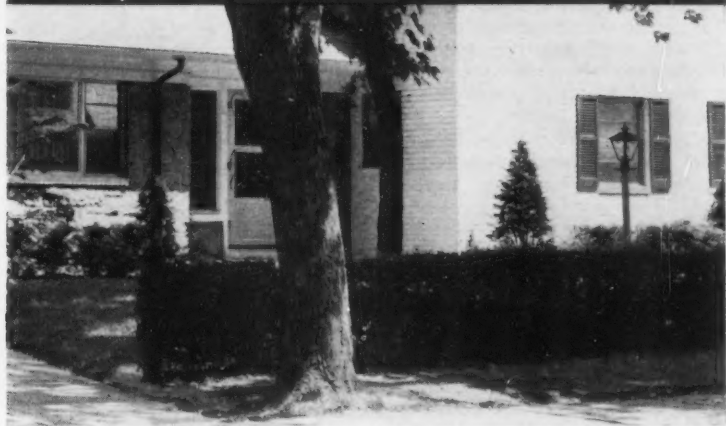
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GARDEN

with Châtelaine



How to make a good hedge start

Late-August rains are ideal planting weather, so choose the hedge you want from those in full leaf now

By HELEN O'REILLY

WHETHER you have decided that you simply must have a tall thick hedge about your garden for privacy or whether you want a lower one, perhaps simply for its beauty, there are two good reasons why you should take a long hard look at your hedge plans now in August.

One reason is that everything is now in full leaf so you can see the over-all design of your garden, and plan accordingly. The other is that the end of this month is an ideal time to transplant most hedge-worthy shrubs in order to get them settled in comfortably before the ground freezes. Now is the time to decide whether you need a low, crisp hedge to mark your property line, a tallish hedge to screen you from the wind or public gaze, a hedge to rail off a patio or frame a rose garden, or simply to set off your flowering borders.

Many, many years ago when I was young, a garden was a piece of land entirely surrounded by a high board fence or a stone wall. In those bad old days it was frankly assumed we would love our neighbor more consistently if we did not have to be neighborly every time we stepped outside the door.

To ensure our privacy we put up the fence (never a thing of beauty) as a matter of course and then planted small trees and shrubs to hide the fence. As I see it, the great modern advance is that we have eliminated the first step. Now the fence is the small trees and shrubs, and this means that they must be planted with forethought and handled with skill. These living fences can be things of beauty, and indeed they should be, for they are at the same time the walls and the décor of your outdoor living room and your contribution to

the good landscaping of the whole neighborhood.

Just as for indoor decorating, your choice will be guided by price, suitability and your own taste. If you live in the heart of the city, for example, you will shop about among Japanese yew, Korean boxwood and alpine currant for your hedge material since all of these can be counted on to survive smoky air and close quarters, but there is a world of difference in their tone and texture. Japanese yew is a dense, dark-green, needle-leaved evergreen (called officially *Taxus cuspidata*) which you may choose in any of three growing types—upright, spreading, or pyramidal. When I ruthlessly clip back my sixteen-year-old yew that grows in a narrow strip between the house and a cement walk I wonder if there is anything as tough that grows except a dandelion!

Korean boxwood is a broad-leaved evergreen and it has proved itself winter-hardy as far north as Morden, Man. It makes a beautifully compact, low hedge (its proper name is *Buxus mycophylla koreana*) and it turns a lovely bronze shade just when the garden is at its dullest. Alpine currant is not an evergreen but its pretty, fluted leaves appear early and fall late. It thrives in sun or shade and it never grows out of hand, although it undoubtedly looks smarter for an occasional clipping. Its Latin name is *Ribes alpinum* and it is not to be confused with the flowering currant (*Ribes aureum*) which grows tall and shaggy with yellow blossoms in early spring.

In the suburbs or the country you have these to choose from and dozens more. Because I have a high, dense hedge of cedar or arborvitae (*Tbaja occidentalis* to the cataloguers) which

Why The Catholic Church Says "INVESTIGATE!"

Probably not more than a handful of people hate the Catholic Church as it really is.

But many have heard anti-Catholic calumnies from sources they have been taught to respect, and have come to fear and suspect the Church as it has been falsely represented to them.

It is hardly reasonable to believe that hundreds of millions of people would remain in the Catholic Church if the rumors circulated against the Church are true. Nor would thousands of others become Catholics every year if they believed such things—without inquiring into the facts.

That is why the Catholic Church says again and again to people everywhere: "Investigate! Investigate!"

The Church makes this appeal not merely to settle an argument, nor primarily to win the good-will of the non-Catholic people, although this is a hoped-for result.

Its more important aim is to invite people to inquire into Christ's truth as taught and preserved by the Catholic Church down through the centuries. For no man, seeking the salvation of his own soul, can conscientiously discount the Catholic claim to be Christ's Church on the basis of mere rumor and slander when the truth is so readily at hand.

The Catholic Church therefore invites you to inquire into its teaching and practices... to find out for yourself if what you believe about the Church is true or false.

Learn for yourself, for instance, if it is true that Catholics give divine worship to Mary, the Mother of Christ... or if this is not just another calumny. If you have been led to believe that Catholics worship idols and statues... buy and sell the divine worship of the Mass... are opposed to religious freedom for people of all faiths, then you have been deceived

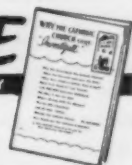


and misled.

If you have harbored these or any other false beliefs about the Catholic Church and its teachings... and if, above all, such misunderstanding has kept you from examining the Catholic claim to be the Church established by Christ Himself... you owe it to yourself in good conscience to seek the truth.

We shall be glad to send you free on request, a booklet dealing with the points mentioned here and many others... including the attitude of the Church toward Birth Control... secret societies... the salvation of non-Catholics... why Catholic priests are called "Father"... the Inquisition and the alleged goings-on behind convent walls. It will come to you in a plain wrapper and nobody will call on you. Write today... ask for your copy of Pamphlet No. CH-7.

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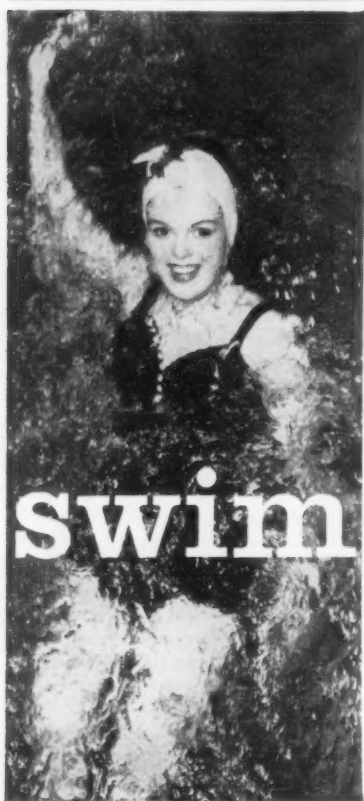
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Remember!—Tampax was invented by a doctor! He realized that if "time-of-the-month" was handled by *internal absorption*, women could indulge in normal activities without any of the chafing, irritation and other discomforts associated with external pads. So far as swimming is concerned, Tampax is not only invisible when properly inserted... it doesn't absorb any water! Users even wear Tampax in their bathtubs with complete security and comfort.

However, if you spend the Summer in a hammock, Tampax would still be a blessing. It prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. It's easy to dispose of, even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts. (Both the Tampax and the applicator flush away.) And it's by far the daintiest kind of protection... why, your hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal.

Make *this* the Summer you'll enjoy from first to last. Get your supply of Tampax at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives more than an average Summer's supply. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.

screens my garden perfectly from the dusty road, I am ungrateful enough to yearn for soft-textured Canadian hemlock (*Tsuga canadensis*) or for stately Douglas firs (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia*). Here again you will choose your trees to fit the size and nature of your garden.

But to our spade work. No matter how short or how long your hedge, it will probably be better in the end to dig a trench the full length of it than to make separate holes for each plant. This will ensure plenty of room for the good fertile soil which hedge plants deserve, for they are going to spend the rest of their lives crowded together and continually cut down to size! Dig a trench then with one side as straight as the string you peg out to mark its position and length, and set the plants against this as a guide.

The distance apart you set them depends on how many you can afford to buy. The closer they are the sooner they will make a compact, solid wall but even if you have to leave three feet between your plants, eventually they will grow firmly together. The width of your trench depends on the size of your plants (never less than eighteen inches please!) and so does the depth of it, but remember the old adage that it is better to put a ten-cent plant in a dollar hole than a dollar plant in a ten-cent hole.

The fact is that you can't take too much care in transplanting, for it is not a natural process like putting a seed in the ground much as nature itself propagates. Transplanting is as artificial and shocking an interference with nature's course as an operation is on a human being and everything possible should be done for the patient's comfort. For instance, the trench should be dug a week or two before the plants are moved and if the soil is poor it should be replaced with good garden soil which should have time to settle.

The plants should be set in place as soon as they come from the nursery, their roots spread naturally and the soil worked gently in around them. The evergreens that come with their roots in a ball of earth should be popped in

just as they are—the burlap wrapping simply loosened at the top after they are in place and left under them, for it soon decays and it does the roots no harm. Set the plants just a little deeper in the ground than they were in the nursery as this will make them bushier at the bottom. Firm the soil carefully around them and water them thoroughly.

This business of water is the life or death of any plant but particularly of one recuperating from being transplanted. That is why the rainy end of August is considered generally as good transplanting weather. But for open, windy positions as in hilly country and the wide prairies I withdraw this advice until the end of September or even until spring. The reason for all this fuss is that the above-ground parts of the plant are continually dried out by summer winds and the convalescent roots cannot replace the life-giving moisture fast enough to maintain the health of the plant. So make sure, wherever you are, that the newly-transplanted never go thirsty.

Although it is very grand—and very expensive—to start a hedge with large plants, it is actually better in the long run to begin with young, smallish plants because, as with children and dogs, the earlier they are trained the easier it is. If from the start the young branches are nipped back consistently, the plant is forced to send out new shoots and this is what assures you a dense hedge. As it grows, your hedge should be trimmed so that it tapers gently to the top (from the side it should look rather like a tall beehive) in order that the lower branches may get as much sunshine and air as the upper ones. This is one of those self-evident principles that never strike me until someone draws me a diagram and then I wonder why I hadn't thought of it first!

A hedge thus properly chosen and "grounded" should not require trimming more than once or twice a year, particularly if it is cut just after it has made its spring growth. It should indeed be a thing of beauty—and the best of good-neighbor policies. +

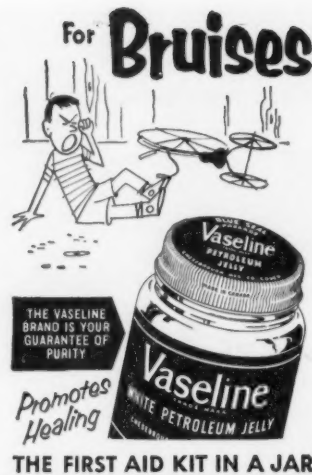
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YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine*

CONTINUED

Continued from page 4

denominational differences are mostly out of date, definite convictions are dogmatic and tolerance, so-called, will solve every conflict. The falsity of this outlook can be illustrated by reference to one of the most obvious points of conflict between Protestants and Roman Catholics. To the Roman Catholic, the use of artificial contraceptives is a moral sin; to the Protestant, there may be circumstances, e.g., of health, housing or economics, where failure to use them may be as great a sin. No matter how tolerant they are, unless one partner is willing to do what he is convinced is wrong, the conflict is insoluble. (Mr. King does discuss this problem, but his over-all solutions and attitudes betray a lack of understanding of the depth of the religious problem involved.)

Further, the whole article implies that a successful marriage is the ultimate good, to which convictions can be sacrificed as of very secondary importance . . . As one who has enjoyed a happy marriage for almost as long as author King, I would be the last to minimize its blessings, but I can't consider myself inflexible and dogmatic because I cherish some convictions even more.

(In) the article . . . religious differences are made comparable with differences of politics or cultural preferences, and the fact is entirely ignored that one's religion is the whole basis for one's outlook on life, and determines one's basic aims.

A minor point, but I think it is worth making: author King takes an unduly cynical view of the motives of Protestant clergy in discouraging marriages with Roman Catholics . . . It would be no more than fair to assume that their main concern was for the people themselves whom they would consider as coming under the influence of false or at least mistaken teachings. Further, in the course of pastoral contacts they have seen the results to the individuals of such marriages, many of which rate statistically as successes because they hang together, and yet it is at the cost of suppressed convictions, feelings of guilt and resentment, and open or unacknowledged conflicts . . .

The best marriage insurance for a mixed engaged couple is for each, before marriage, to make a study of the other's faith and then come to a whole-hearted agreement as to which church both will attend.—*Mrs. Margaret Boyce, West Kildonan, Man.*

. . . I feel that a subtitle is necessary to the article, *Mixed Marriages Do Work—"But Not Very Well!"*—*Patricia Bancroft, Toronto.*

. . . This is an excellent article and I do believe more real-life articles and stories in this regard would lighten many burdens in our country. We have been married four and a half years and are thoroughly happy with our mixed marriage (Protestant and Catholic).—*Mrs. Anne Medock, Teulon, Man.*

Right Wax for Rubber Tile

What wax should I use on rubber tiling in the kitchen?—*Mrs. I. L. Anderson, Cochrane, Ont.*

Use a water-base, self-polishing wax, applied in a thin coat with long strokes. Do not rub it in. Avoid frequent waxing. For a bright lustre, polish with electric floor polisher about thirty minutes after the wax has been applied.

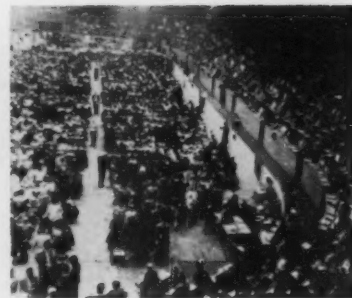
The Case of the Vanishing Chairs



Here's a mystery with a happy ending, solved, we're pleased to say, right in this column. When a reader from Monticello, Ont., asked us in June how to track down some wire ice-cream chairs, we had to confess we just didn't know. Our home planning editor was still searching local junk yards and shops for some for herself. But we underestimated, it seems, the power of *You Were Asking Chatelaine*. No fewer than eleven *Chatelaine* sleuths, from as far apart as King's County, N.S., and Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., turned up clues to one hundred and sixty chairs and thirteen tables. Sodas, anyone? ♦



Many Ottawa women are professionals and play bingo almost every night of the week. Often they play 5 or 6 cards at one time.



This is typical of the crowds that flock to the bingo games. Attendants patrol the aisles while thousands gamble for TV sets and new cars. The racketeers followed.

Herbert Manning, a *Maclean's* editor asks:

Is Bingo Bad For Your Town?

Take a look at Ottawa—the bingo capital of the world: "Headache," say the police. "Sinful," shout the churches. But the merry round of bingo games goes on. The promoters say that most of your money will go to charity. One night this year 25,000 people spent \$44,000 to win \$22,000 in prizes that included 5 new automobiles.

Is bingo bad for Ottawa? How do they operate radio bingos? And are the two-bit bettors really helping charity? The complete background report of the Ottawa bingo craze appears in the August 6 issue of *Maclean's* Magazine.

How children remodel their parents



by Robert Thomas Allen

Robert Thomas Allen thinks the psychologists are all wrong. They're always worried about the effects of parents on children. But Allen's worried more about what children do to parents. Be sure not to miss this hilarious article which gives plenty of expert advice.



Plus many other articles, stories, and regular features

August 6 issue

MACLEAN'S

Canada's fastest-growing magazine
on sale at your newsstand Tuesday July 26

A Maclean-Hunter Publication



Chatty Chipmunk

turns boy reporter this month and shows you a new game to play with newspapers

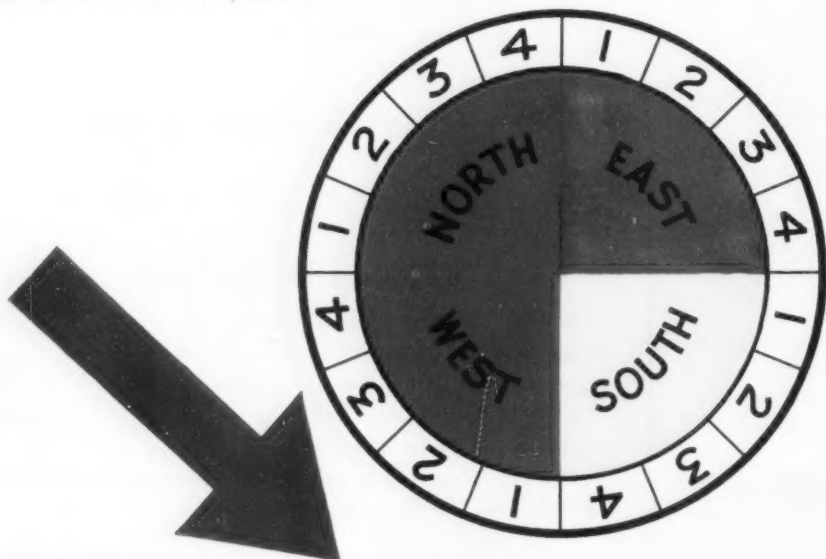
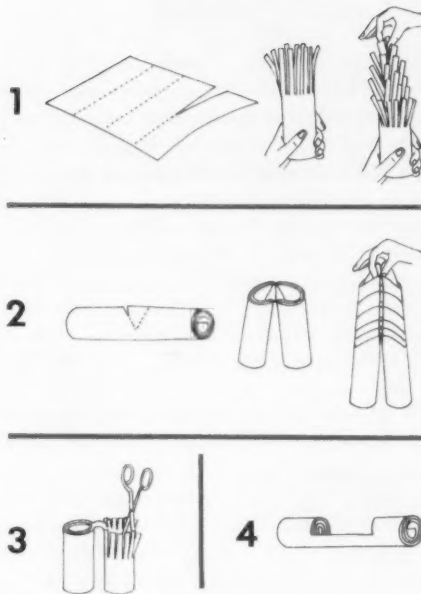
Do you know that a sheet of newspaper cannot be folded any more than eight times? Try it yourself and see. Back and forth like a fan doesn't count.

1. Here is something that you CAN do with a sheet of newspaper. Cut a big double sheet into four strips lengthwise. With one strip make a roll about 1 inch in diameter. Hold the roll in one hand loosely, just enough to keep it from unrolling. Slash one end of the roll about halfway down, making a fringe. Still holding it lightly put your index finger down the middle of the fringe and pull that end out gently.

2. For another kind of pull-out, flatten the roll slightly in the middle so that you can cut a V notch. Now bend it double so that you have two tubes joined in the middle. At the joined ends put your thumb in one tube and your first finger in the other and again pull out gently.

3. The third pull-out is made almost the same way. Flatten the roll slightly in the middle and make one single cut almost through. When you bend the tube double to make the two tubes joined in the middle, slash around each open end like you did for the first one. Now pull gently out.

4. The fourth one is made just the same but this time cut a long slot in the tube, bend in two and pull out.



And now for our game. Mount the circle and arrow on cardboard and cut out carefully. From the bottom push a pin up through the centre of the circle. Over the pin put a small piece of drinking straw and then stick the arrow on the pin. Now make a playing board like the one shown. Make the squares big enough to take a button which you can use for "cars."

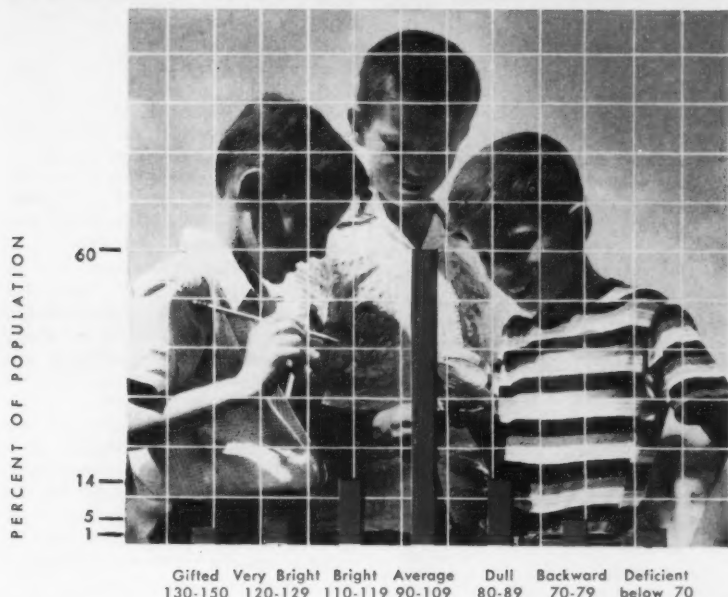
Any number can play. Each player starts from home and moves the number of squares and the direction shown when he has spun the arrow. If another car is in the way the player must wait for the traffic to clear. The first player to reach any city is the winner.

I just love getting letters from you (see page 4), so send me lots more. I'll answer every one.

Chatty

Do you know where the word NEWS came from? This word game tells you. If you are fond of ice and snow, Away up - - - - you'll have to go. Do you like boats and fishing too? Then the - - - - is the place for you. Maybe you think mountains best, You will have to travel - - - - . If you like heat and lots of sun, In the - - - - you'll find your fun. When you find the words that fit, That is not the end of it. The first letter of each new word, Will then make something often heard. Answer: News, South, West, East, North, Jamus

FOR *Chatelaine's* YOUNG PARENTS



New help for those who will never grow up

Here is an encouraging report for parents of deficient youngsters. New day schools, institutions and parents' associations are ready to help them

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

THE physically handicapped child arouses plenty of sympathy—not so the mentally handicapped. This is quite unreasonable. We accept tremendous variations in height or stature without comment, but we are much less tolerant of the similarly wide range in intelligence which extends all the way from the top 1 percent with IQs over 130 to the bottom 1 percent, the mental deficiencies or feeble-minded, with IQs under 70. Our brains are tremendously complicated organs and thousands of factors affect their development. Actually it is surprising that, relatively, so few human brains do turn out to be defective.

Forty years ago if an intelligent pair of parents had a grossly defective child it was blamed on some bad habit or alleged misdemeanor of the parents. I remember very well being told, quite wrongly of course, that a famous physician's child was an idiot because the father drank, although certainly not to excess. Only in a very few cases do we know why the child's brain is defective. Usually it is incompletely developed when he is born, it develops much more slowly than normal during his childhood, and it stops developing earlier than it should.

Once the child has been definitely

diagnosed as mentally deficient, his parents should be encouraged to give up the idea that he will eventually make up the deficit and catch up with normal children. Mental retardation is actually a poor term to use because it does suggest that he may eventually overcome his handicap.

He never will, but it is very important that he be trained in as many fields as possible as he becomes older. His parents and teachers should concentrate on training him patiently in the habits that will make him socially acceptable, able to do all he can for himself and if possible to be useful in the house or in some simple occupation.

The hardest decision the parents of a mentally deficient child have to make is whether to bring him up at home or send him to live at a government hospital school. The development of special day schools for children not accepted in the public-school system now makes it much easier to keep such children at home. But the question of who is to care for the grown child when the parents are gone is only postponed. Many factors enter into this decision, and outsiders who can never fully appreciate the personal problems involved should never criticize the decision made. *Continued on next page*



Now we both enjoy feeding time!

A picture of satisfaction—and why not? This baby loves Farmer's Wife and mother knows that the formula milk recommended for her baby was prepared especially for infant feeding.

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USED IN OVER 1700 HOSPITALS

Continued from previous page

In perhaps twenty percent of these youngsters, the defect in the brain is due not to the inherent nature of the brain, but to some damage to which it has been subjected. In about four or five percent of mentally deficient babies, the brain is injured during birth, often when no instruments have been used at all. Usually these babies suffer from other symptoms as well, such as convulsions or paralysis. Sometimes the damage to the brain is the sequel of meningitis or encephalitis (brain fever) during childhood. Sometimes it follows a fracture of the skull.

In the other eighty percent the cause of the defective brain is not known with any certainty. Heredity may be a factor in some cases, since defective parents are more likely to have defective children than are normal parents. However, defective parents may also have normal or even supernormal children, while perfectly normal or even brilliant parents can have defective children. A good many parents blame themselves—quite unjustly—for their defective child. They presume that they either did something they shouldn't or didn't do something they should.

The mentally deficient child develops slowly as an infant. He is slow in sitting up, walking and talking. He's not just slow in one field, he's slow in all of them, although sometimes for some reason he can be toilet-trained at about the usual time. Often these babies and children are placid and quiet and so relatively easy to look after. Sometimes they are overactive, noisy and later on destructive; these nearly all require institutional care. Besides, many of their activities are senseless and may be very irritating to their families. Many of them look rather vacant; many have unusual-shaped heads, ears, toes, etc. Others look normal or practically so.

Parents Had a New Plan

For many years the school boards in the larger cities have provided special auxiliary classes for defective children—usually those with IQs between fifty and seventy. Their academic progress is very slow but they do learn a little reading, writing and arithmetic. They are taught to use their hands, as most of them are rather awkward and poorly co-ordinated and later on their earning power will largely depend on their manual skill.

In some cities, notably New York and Detroit, classes for even more defective youngsters have been available for years. Recently many such classes have been started in Canada—usually by organized groups of parents of defective children. Some are later taken over by the local board of education or a social agency but others remain under the direction of the parents' association. Increasingly, it is encouraging to report, such schools are being assisted or completely subsidized by government grants. In Ontario the department of education provides such grants now. Entrance, possibly on trial, to these classes is usually permitted if the child is toilet-trained, able to communicate and able to follow simple direction. The classes have to be small—a limit of ten to fifteen pupils being advised—and the classrooms should be generous in size because active games and handwork can play a large part in their training. Doing things in a group is very beneficial to

these children and they enjoy it.

The parents, especially the mothers, keep in close touch with the teacher so that the home training can reinforce that obtained in the class. The mother is encouraged by the progress that her child makes, and of course to be free from the constant care of the child for even a few hours daily is a wonderful relief. The parents and teacher often meet together because talking about their common problems and experiences makes them easier. If by chance the child is unmanageable and persists in disturbing the other children, he will have to be excluded. The teacher, parent, physician, social worker and other qualified persons would thereupon discuss what other provision, such as institutional care, could be made for him. Some of the pupils in these classes, even though they are helped by them, will eventually need to go to a private or provincial residential school for defectives.

These organizations of parents are a very encouraging sign because they indicate that mental deficiency or mental crippling is now coming out into the open and the wider dissemination of reliable information about it will be easier to achieve. Anyone interested in the welfare of these unfortunate individuals would be welcomed as a member of these societies. For information on the availability or organization of such classes or associations for defective children anywhere in Canada, you should write to Mrs. George Holmes, Ontario Association for Retarded Children, 151 St. George St., Toronto. A national association is being organized now but will not be functioning until this fall.

Most provinces maintain good hospital or residential schools for defective children, who for various reasons cannot or should not be cared for at home. There are eight of them in Canada but they do not provide nearly enough accommodation. Ontario alone had a waiting list of 2,700 a few months ago.

These state institutional schools are expensive to run. They may cost the governments a thousand dollars a year per child—although maximum charge to parents may be only one dollar a day. Smaller units scattered throughout the provinces so that the parents can keep in closer touch with their youngsters would be preferable but might well be even more expensive. Parents of children in such hospital schools have started organizing groups comparable to (though not actually connected with) home and school associations.

On the whole, mentally defective children grow less well and are less robust than normal youngsters and many of them used to die in their childhood. Thanks to modern medicine they now survive, which adds to the crowding in residential schools maintained by public funds. These institutions train the youngsters in every way possible, so they can look after themselves, do simple jobs and develop useful skills that they show interest in. Games, carefully-chosen movies, Brownie and Cub packs add to the children's interests. As a rule they are happy in a group of their fellows where they can go at their own speed, free of the frustration of being constantly left behind by children of normal capacity.

Many of the children with IQs between fifty and seventy can learn a useful occupation at school but most

of them need care and supervision when they return to the community. In some cases the defective individual has more social than academic skill and can look after his own affairs adequately. Usually though they can't manage their own money—they are easily duped by sharpers. Often they can't locate jobs in competition with normal workers, but many of them will do tedious work for years on end with apparent satisfaction. Most of them are not able to be competent parents.

They are generally friendly, but as you would expect from their childlike mentality, they are easily led. If they get into bad company many become social problems, thieves, arsonists and other criminals and they are the ones that usually get caught. At least fifty percent of unmarried mothers are feeble-minded or defective. The moral training of a defective is only effective if simple, direct, habit-forming methods are used and constant supervision is essential for his safety and the safety of others. In Great Britain the institutional schools are becoming so crowded that they are considering sending the defective child back to his home when his training is complete and when his normal brothers and sisters have grown up.

Not Naturally Immoral

A defective child in the home, even though he is of the manageable type, usually takes a great deal of the mother's time and her normal children may suffer to some extent, at least emotionally, as a result. Sometimes a mother is too severe with a defective child; other mothers may be too indulgent. Also the normal youngsters may feel ashamed of their defective brother or sister and not want visitors to see him. The child himself, as noted earlier, is likely to be frustrated constantly by his inability to keep up with the others. The way the neighbors and other children react to the defective child is important too; through ignorance some people even today may blame the parents and fear the defective child will corrupt their own youngsters.

These defective children are not naturally antisocial or immoral, they are just like normal children of their mental age. For example a defective ten-year-old child with an IQ of fifty has the brain of a five-year-old and should be expected to act like a five-year-old. After about fourteen years of age, the brain does not become more efficient as far as these tests are concerned. So a child with an IQ of fifty will end up as a man with the mental age of about seven years.

Various methods of supervising defectives who have been released from training schools are used in different countries. In England they may be supervised by an official paid guardian with whom they live. No guardian is allowed to have more than three defectives under his or her care. The guardian of course might well be the parent of the child.

It is true that the lowest types of mental defectives—the idiots with IQs between zero and twenty-five and the imbeciles who range from twenty-five to fifty—will never contribute anything worth mentioning to society. At the present state of our knowledge, about all we can do for these unfortunates is provide them with understanding institutional care. ♦

WHY YOU QUARREL WITH YOUR DAUGHTER

Continued from page 9

Without admitting it even to herself, Stella resented the emotional demands and warped views her mother had forced on her. And her suppressed hostility and resentment toward her mother spilled out, unwittingly, on her inno-

cent office colleagues. Only after treatment did she realize that, owing to her mother, she had not liked being a woman and experienced tension at her monthly periods. She saw how she had assumed the responsibilities of the husband of the house, had even taken on the appearance of staid middle age. Slowly, Stella is uncovering her own hidden personality from the overpowering shadow of her mother.

Symptoms take many forms: a teenage girl is nervously overwrought; a

child seems slow at school; a grown woman, chained to a possessive mother, turns to promiscuity, sick headaches or insomnia.

Nor are all the victims unmarried. Betty Jennings is a busy and attractive young homemaker with two children, Wendy, seven, and three-year-old Bruce. Her home is well kept, her children cared for. Yet she is worried over Wendy's increasingly withdrawn behavior, uncontrollable temper tantrums and violent jealousy of her brother. Betty



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Jennings' real problem, however, is not her little girl, but her relationship with her mother, for emotional mix-ups can circle viciously from generation to generation. She married against her mother's wish and although her marriage was happy, when her baby was born she still felt guilty. To win back her mother's approval, Betty set high standards for the little girl—standards which led to a critical, anxious and tense relationship. Wendy, backhand victim of her mother's emotions, felt unloved

and unwanted, and protested the only way she knew how—by poor behavior. With professional help, Betty Jennings is now sorting out her personal feelings toward her mother and toward her daughter.

Why does it seem inevitable that mothers and daughters quarrel? For in spite of the flowering phrases about mother love and daughterly devotion, a good many mothers and daughters use each other as sparring partners instead of pals. And when normal squabbling

turns into deep-seated trouble, what can be done?

The understanding consultants who helped straighten out the mother-daughter conflicts discussed in this article were the qualified psychiatrists and social workers of the Toronto Mental Health Clinic. In dealing with many such cases they have learned that family storms which may seem to blow up suddenly in the teens and twenties often actually begin in childhood.

What are the storm signals the intel-

ligent mother and the alert daughter must watch for? How can you, as a mother or daughter, keep your vital relationship with the other woman in the house emotionally healthy, so that tensions and anxieties between you will not reach hurricane force?

As the adult, the mother is most responsible and she's going to have to do a lot of the work. But just as in marriage one person affects the behavior of the other, so even the young daughter can do her share in solving the problem. Here are five important lessons which every mother, particularly, must master if she wants her daughter to grow up her friend:

1. How to deal with general tensions.
2. How to let your daughter be an individual.
3. How to discipline and how to handle hostility.
4. How to help your growing daughter achieve freedom.
5. How to meet your daughter on the adult level.

The first lesson touches on most of the normal skirmishes in a family, so let's begin with it.

How to deal with general tensions

The one fact that can aid in clearing the air is this: tension is to be expected, even desired. For the mother who is all sweetness and light, the daughter who simply drifts, are not working in a healthy way at the mutual job of growth and independence.

Certain things make any female tough to live with at times. The female physical cycle is one, with its natural turbulence of puberty, menstrual periods, childbearing and menopause. "In our home," recalls one woman, "any mention of physical discomfort was taboo. Occasionally my mother and I would fly at each other over nothing, and I ended barricaded in my room, while she cried in the kitchen over her ingrate child. The scenes we might have avoided if we had brought our aches out into the open, relaxed over tea, and planned some fun together!"

Another cause of nervous tensions between mother and daughter is the rapid social and emotional adjustment every woman now faces in our changing society.

A daughter fails to appreciate the complex job her mother is handling, doesn't sense the loneliness of a maternal woman in a business-dominated world. A mother is often unaware of the conflicting demands her growing daughter faces in the outside world.

We say to our sons, "Grow up and be a man!" We do not say to our daughters, "Grow up and be a woman!" because we do not know what is expected of women any more. Our confusion is mirrored in a recent survey. To the question, "If you were born again what sex would you want to be?" an alarming number of women, twenty-five percent, replied, "a man."

Martha Vernon was one woman caught up in confusion and tension because she had not been taught what was expected of her as a woman. In sports and hobbies and mental study, Martha was praised as the equal of her brother. But as she grew up she found her drive to be independent like him conflicted with the passive feminine role our society approves for women. Martha won many promotions at her job,

BRINGING

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of five

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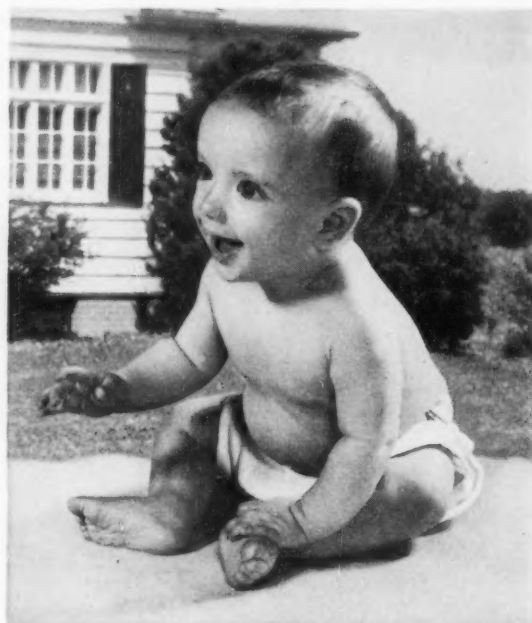
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but when she announced her wedding, her company requested she resign. Suddenly, Martha had to disappear into a home, shelve all hopes of a career.

Some of the edgy disagreements between Martha and her mother (and later, with her own daughters) started because Martha had been taught she could be anything—but on growing up she became a homemaker, and was no longer free to choose. "A mother has to teach her daughter she is a woman, and show her by the example of her own life that she can be happy as a woman," says John Boys, chief psychiatric social worker at the clinic. A mother can find out if she is doing this job by asking, does her daughter want to grow up and be a woman? Does she like the view she gets of her mother's life? Not when she hears her mother describe herself as "just a housewife," thus robbing her job of all dignity.

If a mother underrates her own value and position in life how can she expect her daughter to appreciate and admire her? Tempers flare over fancied insults. The daughter is "rude, selfish, ungrateful" because she has been made to feel, unconsciously, that her mother is unworthy of better treatment. The girl may reject the role of wife-mother, and prefer to remain a little girl, or be a man like her father.

When this happens the clinic meets such a mixed-up miss as Emily Reynolds. At eight, Emily was doing poorly in school. Teachers described her as withdrawn. But her mother was more concerned with another matter. Pulling off Emily's yellow tam at the clinic, she cried, "Just look—she persists in pulling out her hair! What has possessed her to do such a thing?" The clinic set about to find the answer.

In the playroom Emily drew a picture of a girl without a face, but with beautiful, long hair. To the staff this was a tipoff to the confusion and unhappiness in the little girl's mind. Then they interviewed her mother. It was plain that Emily's brother, one year younger, was the valued child. Mrs. Reynolds identified with her son; everything in the family was slanted toward the men, and she summed up her own attitude by declaring, "After all, it's a man's world." She freely admitted she would have liked her daughter better had she been a boy.

Staff workers showed the mother the child's drawing, explained that Emily, bewildered and unwanted as a little girl, had attempted to change to a boy to capture her mother's affection. Mrs. Reynolds saw that her own feelings of inferiority concerning her sex were damaging her little girl's unfolding personality. As she works at changing her own attitudes, she is encouraging Emily to see herself as a little girl, by praising her femininity. Mother and daughter share more time together; at bedtime, as they talk over the day, Mrs. Reynolds helps her daughter brush and curl her hair.

How to let your daughter be an individual

Most mothers let their son become a regular boy, out on his own, dressed in weather-beaten corduroys. But too many otherwise intelligent mothers push their hapless daughters into their own idealized image. Susan-Lynn, in her home-perm curls and starched petti-

coats, is a walking advertisement for her clever mother. Recall the pale copies of Shirley Temple and Margaret O'Brien of a few years back—and all the little ballerinas of today.

Julia Adams dreamed of being a great musician—and then she got married. But she set her mind on one goal—daughter Isobel would do her proud. Isobel, at ten, takes so many lessons there isn't time left to enjoy her childhood. She studies voice and tap and piano, yet Isobel and her mother never sing and dance together for fun.

If you must push, say the experts, push yourself, not your daughter. You sign up for the lessons, if you think they're so worth-while.

For, and here is the tragedy, the child who is molded, pushed and gilded, if she has any spunk at all, develops deep rebelliousness that explodes into bitter defiance later on. Any guidance at all from her mother becomes a signal for a flare-up.

How to discipline

"Every child needs the security of well-balanced discipline," says John Boys. "Security is one part love, one part strength. Listen to a seven-year-old proudly tell her pal, 'My mother won't let me do that.' She feels her mother is a loving, concerned parent. A child is aware of her own weakness, her own littleness. She needs to lean on parental strength while discovering her own."

Mrs. Phillips brought her daughter Patty, nine, to the clinic on the advice of the family doctor. Patty was grossly overweight, a pudding of a girl, and the doctor could find no physical cause.

"What am I going to do with her?" wailed Mrs. Phillips. "She's not like anyone in my family."

In consultation the caseworker soon learned that Mrs. Phillips came from a large close-knit family, and though married and a mother, she was still involved in the day-to-day affairs of her own mother and numerous brothers and sisters. Preoccupied with her own family, she failed to see Patty as a little girl needing her mother's strength. The method she used to deal with her daughter was completely permissive. When Patty wondered aloud, "Should I do my arithmetic homework or not?" her mother replied, "It's up to you." She handed the decision to the child, instead of holding the child to the job. To Patty such freedom meant only one thing—her mother didn't love her. She became depressed and bewildered. Eating is a way of feeling satisfied. Patty turned to food for comfort.

Once Mrs. Phillips had been helped to work out a new pattern of discipline, Patty's compulsion for food disappeared and her weight returned to normal.

How to handle hostility

"No two people can live closely together without building up hostility they must get rid of," declared the social worker. "We expect a child to live with our anger and moods, so we must grant our children the right to the same range of emotions. Too often parents turn cold when their child shows any negative feelings."

Muriel is a case in point. She feels resentful and angry at her mother at times. But her mother looks shocked,

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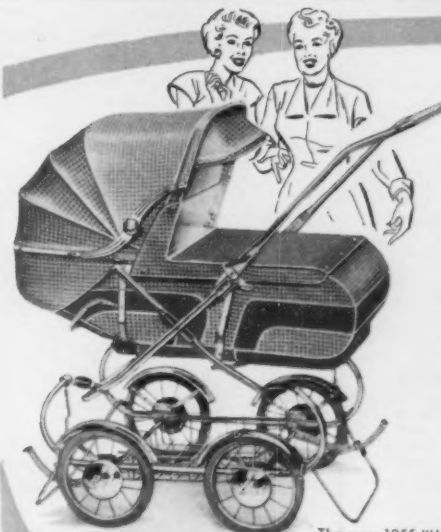
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"Nice girls don't speak to their mothers in that tone. Nice girls don't sulk. Nice girls never answer back." At Sunday school Muriel is taught, "Honor thy father and thy mother" and hears this as a commandment. "Honor me" then means, "You must not get angry with me." Her normal emotions are forbidden an outlet, so she bottles up her anger and fear and jealousy. But buried emotions crop out later in explosive fights or perhaps in serious personality problems.

You lessen the hostile build-up and family fireworks, not by denying a child's feelings, but by helping her to express them in a mature way. "This doesn't mean handing over all control to the child," explains the psychiatric social worker. "A child can be taught to fight without being destructive, can learn to express anger without name-calling."

The person who can do most to lessen the tensions between mother and daughter is the man around the house: the husband-father who has to get along with both of them. He can help both by being the strong ally of both. If he gives appreciation to his womenfolk, if he gets to know his daughter and shares her life in a vital way, he helps ease any hostility between his wife and child.

Family tensions blow away when mother, father and children play and work together—baseball, hiking, house-cleaning. "It's up to both parents to promote a sense of family," says John Boys. If there is no real sense of shared family life—if the father is an absentee landowner, an angry or forbidding image, or a Milquetoast who parrots, "Ask your mother. What does your mother say?" the chances for mother-daughter conflict are increased. Then everything in the home is represented by one dominant figure, mother, rather than two in balance, mother-father.

How to help your growing daughter achieve freedom

"In every adolescent, there is a spirit of revolt," explains John Boys. "Teen-agers rebel against parents even in the happiest homes."

We're beginning to understand what this turbulence is, and what can be done about it.

First, recognize the teen-age terror for what it is—a natural breaking-away, a seeking for independence and freedom. Understand that the accusations and disparagement: "You don't try to understand" . . . "You're simply hopeless" . . . "All the girls at school say" . . . are the external echo of the internal struggle going on between the teen-ager's desire to remain a child, dependent and safe and protected, and her awakening desire to be an adult, to gain her freedom.

And because she is the daughter of the house, because her parents may be protecting her from all sorts of imagined evil, the daughter's fight for freedom may have to be far more violent than her teen-age brother's.

How do you work with a girl who loves you one minute, loathes you the next? In the inevitable white-hot moments of open war, the responsibility rests with the mother to be the mature one. Anger breeds anger, and the mother must learn to accept an emotion without showing the same emotion.

Work with, not against the teen-ager. Encourage your daughter to have friendships and interests in her own age group. Feeling close to her contemporaries supports her as she reaches out for maturity.

The mother needs an awareness of what is going on in the mind and spirit of her child. A wise mother said, "A mother must listen to the baby prattle, the eight-year-old's chatter and so on up, if she is not to complain, 'My fifteen-year-old doesn't tell me anything!'"

The daughter is striving to grow up, and her role within the family is undergoing rapid change. The role of her mother must change, too. This new order can be worked out in informal family discussion which helps clear the emotional air, and gives a chance for both sides to talk out their problems and reach new understanding.

And if you refuse to help? In case after case the breakdown in relations between mother and daughter dates back to this time. If the mother handles this conflict like a native up-rising, coming down hard with rigid authoritarian rules, she is refusing help and she is jeopardizing the girl's lifelong friendship.

A daughter facing teen worries cannot talk things over with a mother who is critical, suspicious and heavy-handed. The teen-age girl who seeks sex information from school pals indicates that mother and daughter have lost the ability to talk to one another about those things which truly concern them.

Failing her mother's help and support a daughter has three choices—she can withdraw into herself, she can knuckle under and never grow up, or she can openly rebel. This is the battle nobody wins—the damaging battle that ends in neurosis and festering unhappiness.

"You get the situation I heard of the other day," comments Dr. Hood, "where a daughter explained, 'I have no problems with my mother. We haven't spoken in fifteen years.'"

But freedom is handed to a daughter, not when the teen rebellion breaks over the housetop, but years earlier, in small ways.

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"There are mothers who overprotect their daughters for years—and then wonder why the girl at eighteen or so is timid and unsure of herself," says Dr. Hood. "Take the case of sixteen-year-old Sarah. At an age when she should be eager for independence, Sarah is so confused and upset she has had to drop out of school. Sarah's mother has followed the rule that good mothering means sparing her girl all possible frustration. As a youngster Sarah would go off to camp with her pals, get homesick, and two days later was safe in her own back yard. Sarah later tried a hobby group and CGIT, but gave them up at the slightest setback. Not exposing a growing child to upset is a mistake, for Sarah has had no real experience at handling her feelings."

How to meet your daughter on the adult level

The fifth lesson is the real test of the mother-daughter relationship.

If a mother grows along with her child, her own stimulating life experiences are a help to the girl, pave the way to a good friendship as equals. If she fails to grow but simply exists, she will be left behind. And to outgrow her mother is a sad and defeating experience for a daughter.

The four walls of the home cannot be the limit of the mother's horizon, for while she is sewing and cleaning, her daughter is growing up in a world the mother cannot recognize, it has changed so since she last experienced it. Nor can she base her hopes for future friendship on all she has "sacrificed." She is doomed to be disappointed in her "ungrateful" daughter, for sacrifice never pays off in the unhealthy dividends she wants.

For growing up is a two-way process. Intelligent mothers anticipate this day by building their own interests to fill the gap left by departing children. The woman who needs less from her daughter is happy to see her become an independent and self-sustaining person, welcomes her as a grown-up friend.

If a daughter after marriage insists on living within six blocks of mother, the two women have not worked out their new roles. If a mother meddles in the household of her married daughter, bossing the upbringing of grandchildren, the two have never settled this matter of letting go. And where a daughter well past voting age is terrified that "Mother might find out I smoke and take a drink occasionally," she has not worked out her adult status with her mother.

Where this goal of equal adulthood is impossible, the daughter may escape by way of an early and unwise marriage, or she may prefer total estrangement to the destructive waste of time and energy spent warring through a lifetime.

Authorities are now aiding mothers and daughters with new knowledge that promises to lessen the danger of serious personality conflict. They are helping both to find the emotional enrichment, the comradeship of a feminine friendship in which shared yesterdays contribute to its tomorrow.

Remember the wise couplet by Dinah Mulock Craik?

Oh, my son's my son till he gets him
a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all
her life. +



Follow today's trend to linoleum for lovelier living rooms

In Canada's loveliest homes, living room beauty is now based on a fascinating new decorating idea—flooring of Dominion Inlaid Linoleum. There's a two-fold reason for this delightful trend: linoleum's subtle, harmonious new shades look so *right* in the modern living room...and it's so clearly, eminently practical.

Beauty and superb serviceability have, in fact, made Dominion Inlaid Linoleum the popular flooring for *every* room of the modern Canadian home. You'll see its charming hues and clever designs in dining and bed rooms...marvel at the merry colour it brings to kitchens, bathrooms,

playrooms and halls. And you'll *hear* from happy homemakers how amazingly easy it is to clean; how it *ignores* even heavy wear; how its springiness comforts busy feet and quiets annoying household sounds. And it's the "last word" in economy because it's a *permanent* flooring that needs no covering, yet its cost (completely installed) is less than other similar-quality floorings—including wood.

Get booklets of bright ideas on linoleum, the *trend* flooring, by writing: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited, Home Planning Dept., 2200 St. Catherine Street E., Montreal.

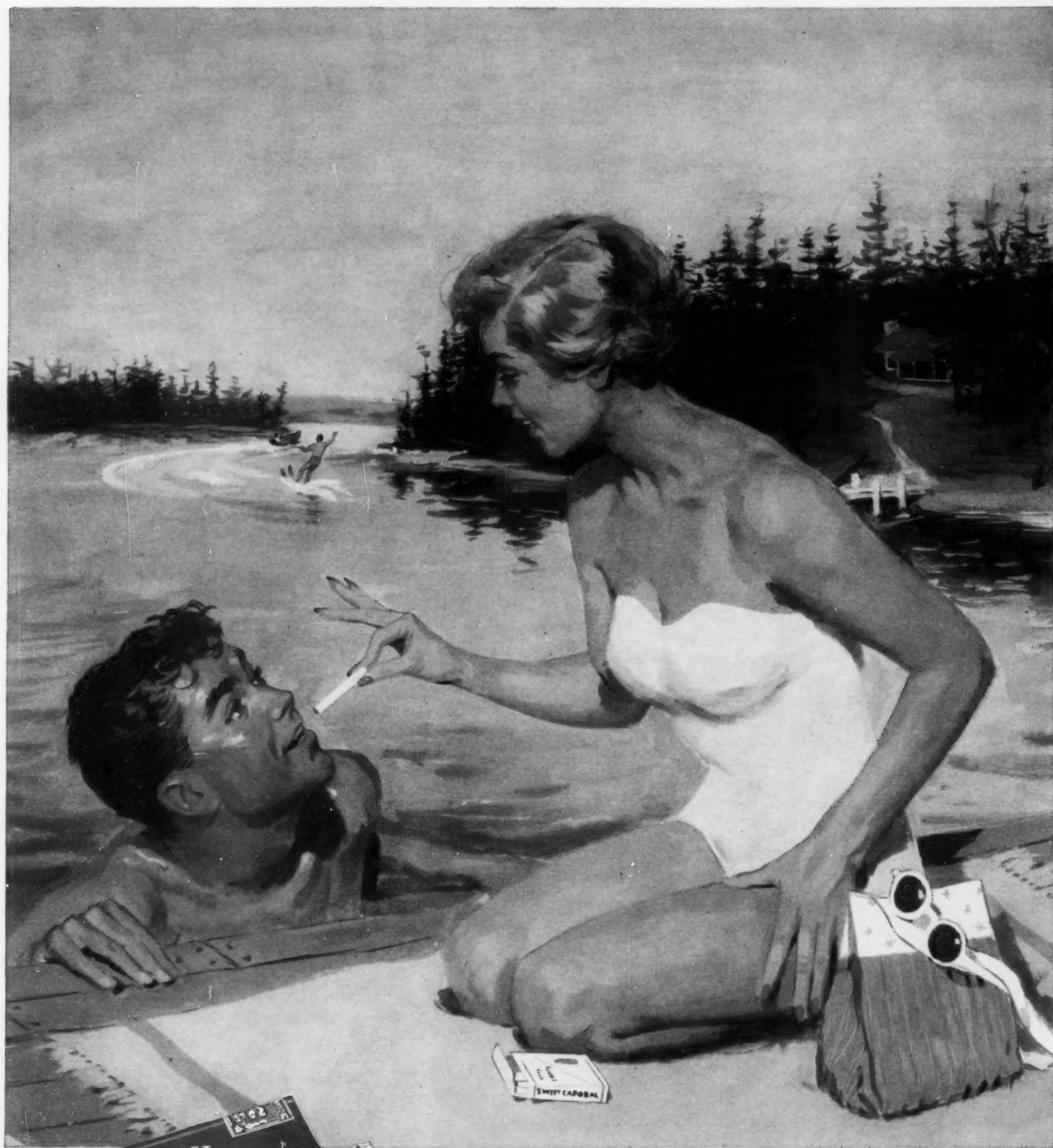
This lovely living room is floored in Dominion Jaspé Linoleum Tiles in Green and Black. Jaspé—or one of the other gorgeous Dominion Inlaid Linoleums—can bring similar beauty to your home, too.

DOMINION
inlaid
LINOLEUM

COMES IN TILES AND BY-THE-YARD IN
THESE FOUR TYPES...

✓MARBOLEUM ✓DOMINION JASPÉ
✓HANDICRAFT ✓DOMINION PLAIN

*made only in Canada... sold by style-setting
Canadian retailers*



CORK or PLAIN

SWEET CAPS

add to the enjoyment

FRESHER...MILDER...THEY'RE TODAY'S CIGARETTE

CHATELAINE — AUGUST 1955

AUGUST

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

September
1955

OCTOBER

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 ₃₀	24 ₃₁	25	26	27	28	29

SUN

MON

TUE

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

				1	2	3
4	5 <small>Labour Day</small>	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	